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COME AGAIN.

BY F. C. S.

Come again, happy days—
Come again to me in dreams!
Come again, joyous rays,
Gild the present with your beams!
Let me linger for awhile
In the glory of your smile;
Come again, happy days—
Come again to me in dreams.

Come again, hope that fled!
Love is love for evermore.
Come again, be not dead;
In my heart live as before!
Then my life shall know no gloom,
Joy will in the future bloom.
Come again, hope that fled!
Love is love for evermore!

With None Between.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVER AND LORD," "WITH A ROD OF IRON," "A MAD LOVE," "DOLLY'S LUCK," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"AND you will see her to-day, Frank?"

"Yes—this afternoon."

"Poor boy, it will be a trying scene for you! But, after her long illness, I should think her tigerish spirit is a little subdued."

The speaker shivers a little, as though at some unpleasant remembrance evoked by her own words, and glances anxiously into her companion's gloomy face.

She is a plump floridly-handsome woman of five or six and twenty, overdressed for the time of day, wearing much costly jewelry conspicuously displayed, showing more than a suspicion of paint and powder under her tightly-drawn white veil, and a quantity of fluffed-out golden hair that hardly harmonizes with the bold roving gipsy eyes and broad black brows.

Her companion is evidently of a higher social grade, though probably of no better moral type—a slender well-set-up man with a handsome supercilious clean-featured face, on which the stamp of dissipation is deeply set, and which is not at present improved by the ugly light that glitters in the cold eyes of a doubtful greenish gray—a light that seems to speak at once of defiance and of fear.

The pair have been sauntering slowly down one of the more unfrequented alleys of the Bois de Boulogne, talking eagerly and earnestly, and with what seems something like trepidation on the woman's part. Every now and then she looks up as though to say something, but checks the words on her lips.

If the man sees these nervous efforts, he makes no attempt to help his companion out of her difficulties. He is not wont to interest himself in any troubles but those that afflict himself; and, though he and Cozie Rivers have been sworn allies in mischief of late, he is thinking of his own worries and vexations—not of hers.

He does not even answer her question or heed her pitying remark, but stalks gloomily on, with his hat drawn low over his brows, wishing that, as she cannot give him any help, she would cease to pester him with idle inconsequent chatter when his thoughts are otherwise engaged.

Presently Miss Rivers breaks the silence again with a not very natural-sounding laugh.

"Really, you are not too polite or amiable, Frank! I am full of sympathy and pity for the uncomfortable fix you are placed in."

"A fix you helped to get me into," he says, with savage ungraciousness, and a deepening of that threatening scowl which makes his handsome face downright ugly. "If it had not been for that stupid whim of yours, the child might have been living and well now!"

Cozie Rivers grows deadly pale, the brilliant roses of art showing with ghastly effect upon that livid under-tint, and into her bold black eyes there comes a look of craven fear, though she turns bitterly enough upon the man.

"The taunt comes well from you, Frank Maynard, you cared so much for the child!"

"I never cared, never pretended to care two straws for the peevish brat!" is the answer given with a brutal and defiant sincerity. "But he has been my only real hold on Stella, confound her!"

"No, no," the woman interrupts, with a little flush of remorse, "do not curse her, Frank! Heaven knows you—we—have wronged her enough!"

Her companion gives her a look of infinite scorn.

"Miss Cozie Rivers among the preachers! Cozie inculcating the domestic virtues! What a sublime joke for the mashers of the Frivolity stalls! Shall we get Hornshaw to embody it in his next new and original burlesque?"

The carmined lips quiver, the gipsy eyes droop, meeting a harder, more relentless glance than their own.

"Go on," the woman continues quietly, "I should have known, of course, that you have neither heart nor conscience. The child, as you say, has for a long time been your only hold on Stella, and now that he has gone——"

"She will, I fear, defy me, and, if she only chooses to exert it, I am helplessly in her power."

"You mean that she may refuse to sing, and so rob you of your income?"

"She may do that and worse—a hundred times! She may take the bread out of my mouth and her own by breaking her contract and refusing to sing, and, at the same time, rob me of my expectations by proclaiming our marriage to old Lady Sarah Mobbs, who has always promised to provide for me, but who is the most puritanical old cat in the world, and would never forgive me for what she would contemptuously call a singing woman!"

"Indeed!" Miss Rivers cries, tossing her shining head, and feeling in her professional indignation a momentary sympathy for the girl she has so deeply wronged. "Lady Sarah must be a most prejudiced person; and in these days, when people think so much of the drama——"

"Lady Sarah is not of these days, Cozie; she is a strait-laced obstinate old woman, as full of prejudices as of years, and all the more determined that I should uphold the family dignity because she puts rather a drag upon it herself. Mobbs was a butterman."

"Oh, Frank! And it is a butterman's widow who despises Stella Vance——"

"She would not give Stella Vance two thoughts; but the idea of receiving her as Stella Maynard—the Honorable Mrs. Maynard—would send the old woman into a fit—a contingency I should by no means object to, supposing her will in my favor to be signed and sealed. But in these cases one never can be sure, and so——"

"And so?" the woman echoes interrogatively, as Mr. Frank Maynard drops his voice to an inaudible mutter, and tugs fiercely at his long moustache.

"And so I must face my tigress and try to tame her, I suppose, though it is rather a hopeless task. Ugh—I can see her still as she stood beside that little coffin, with her white face and blazing eyes——"

"Don't, Frank, for mercy's sake, don't!"

The woman's cry is so shrill as almost to approach a scream. She clutches so nervously at her companion's arm that more than one passer-by honors the absorbed pair with a curious and critical stare; but, accustomed though she is to live en pose, Miss Rivers is for once quite indifferent to or oblivious of the effect she produces on those around. She is living over again in remorseful memory the most terrible and tragic moment of her butterfly life.

Of deep or prolonged penitence, deep or prolonged feeling of any kind, the spoiled star of the minor stage, who, without any desire to do ill, has made so much domestic trouble and set so many lives fatally wrong, is absolutely incapable; but perhaps for that reason the small stings of remorse that occasionally trouble her placid self-content are all the more poignantly felt. Just now she would give her most prized jewel or her costliest fur with perfect satisfaction if she could undo one evil deed.

"The poor little child," she cries, in a broken whisper, "and the poor mother, too! No wonder that for the time she hated us both! You will be gentle with her, Frank?"

"Gentle with her!" Frank Maynard echoes, with impatient contempt. "What a shuttlecock you are, Cozie! Just now you were pitying me for having to face the tigress, as I think you called her in your politely forcible way, and now——"

"Now I pity her. I cannot help it, Frank, though she would reject my pity with scorn. But, though the interview will be hard on you, it will be she who suffers most."

"Perhaps," the man agrees indifferently, "but anyhow, hard or easy, the interview has to be gone through and got over, and the sooner the better for us both. So I will bid you 'Good-bye' now, Cozie."

She puts her plump gloved hand in his, and looks half angrily, half wistfully at his hard face.

"We are not to drive back together, then?"

"No, I think not. The fact is, Cozie, the less we are seen about together just at present, the better for us both."

Cozie colors angrily under her rouge, drags her hand away, and bites her full under-lip.

"By all means, Mr. Maynard!" she cries sharply and spitefully. "I leave Paris almost immediately; my holiday is over, and with it our acquaintance may end."

"As you please," he agrees, in the same tone of absolute and insolent indifference. "You usually do please yourself in those matters, and I am not the man to try to change you. At the same time I only suggested that while Stella is in her present frame of mind we should not be seen about together.'

"It was not I who asked you to come here to-day."

"I am aware of that, my dear; I thought it wise to settle matters with you before Stella and I met."

"That you may tell her you have given me up?"

"For that among other reasons—yes."

There is a sudden flash in the big black eyes, and for a moment the woman seems inclined to let loose a torrent of angry and scornful words on her companion. But quite suddenly her mood changes; her lips quiver, her face takes an almost awe-struck expression, as she says, with a gravity he has never seen in her before—

"Yes—tell her that, Frank, and let it be true. I have done a lot of mischief in my time—goodness knows why, for I never wished or meant to injure any one—but I have never done such wrong to any as to your wife."

"But my wife and I are one, Cozie; and, if I forgive you——"

"Oh, hush!" Even Cozie Rivers is shocked by the cynical words and smile. "It is wicked, even to a woman like me, to make a joke of such things. I could not ask her forgiveness—I do not dream of it; but I will not cross her path or do her the smallest wrong again. Perhaps some day she will understand that is my way of being sorry for what happened that night."

Frank Maynard listens in perfect silence till the speech ends in a stifled sob, then breaks into a low mocking laugh.

"By Jove, you have mistaken your line, Cozie! You would have made a splendid tragedy queen! Well, good-bye, since it is to be good-bye! Don't forget that I only intended an au revoir!"

"But good-bye is better," the woman answers, firmly still, though with more of her usual flippant pertness of manner. "We have been good comrades for a while, and now the best thing we can do is to forget each other's very name."

"You mean it, Cozie?"

"I mean it, Frank, in justice to your wife. Oh, dear"—with a quick shiver—"I wish I were as sure of forgetting that pale face of hers!"

"And you consign me without remorse to that pleasant face for perpetual company—tears and crape, sighs and lamentations for her lost darling—that is what at the very best I shall have to put up with from morning till night, I suppose. Bah—what a mistake I made when I married Stella Vance!"

Cozie gives him a quick side glance.

"Yes, I suppose it was a mistake for you both—the sort of muddle people do make of their lives. Do you know at one time I was madly jealous of Stella, and caught eagerly at every opportunity of rousing her jealousy and stinging her pride? For what was she that you should make her your wife—the Honorable Mrs. Maynard—while I——"

"While you were only the Honorable Frank Maynard's friend and confidant," the man says, with a look and intonation indescribably insolent. "Poor little Cozie, it was hard on you!"

"I thought so then; I do not think so now," is the quick answer. "On my honor, Frank, that is true! Do you remember—you are not very fond of poetry, I know—but you have read the 'Idylls of the King?'"

"Good Heavens," Frank Maynard interjects, "poetry and sermons! What next? Go on. I am not much up in Tennyson, but it is all about a lot of Early-English fellows, I believe."

"You remember what the Queen says to Sir Lancelot when she is very angry?—

"'Our bond is not the bond of man and wife.
This good is in it, whatsoe'er of ill,
It can be broken easier.'"

He turns his head, surveying the flushed face with cold and contemptuous eyes.

"Very pretty. Are you sure, though, that you quote correctly, or is yours a burlesque version?"

The taunt would rouse her quick temper at any other time, but she ignores it now—for once Cozie Rivers is not the only or even the first person in her thoughts—and goes vehemently on.

"I have felt like Queen Guinevere all to-day, Frank; I am glad that we can break our bonds and go our several ways; and sorry, oh, so sorry, for your wife!"

"Because she is my wife?"

"And because you are pitiless. Yes, Frank, make her forgive you, if you can, and then make her amends for the past."

The man whistles softly, as though her energy amused him. Her heart, warmly interested for the moment in the cause she pleads, sinks as she hears that sound and meets the merciless eyes.

"You are an excellent advocate, Cozie, and a generous one; I doubt if Stella will waste one good word on you. But there is no need to pity her so much; if she only behaves like a sensible girl, does not talk any rubbish about breaking contracts or refusing to sing, we shall rub on well enough together."

"And if she is not sensible—if she does refuse to sing?"

"Why, then she must be made to sing, or—— But we will not discuss that now; we have still to take our own affecting farewell. Good-bye, Cozie; we part company here. You have been rather rough on me to-day; but I shall read the record of your triumphs with interest always, and you will often see me in the Frivolity stalls."

"And I shall watch the papers and the bills for Stella's name, and, if I do not see it, I shall know——"

"That I am dead or she is—that in some shape or other the deluge has come. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

They part with a light hand-shake these two, with scarcely the pretence of a regret. The man does not even once look back at his late companion, and the woman stares after the lithe erect figure with an odd compassion, which softens the fire of her brazen black eyes.

"I wonder what he will say—what he will do—how those two will meet?" she thinks, as she finds her hired carriage and is driven swiftly back towards the city. "I wish I had not broken with him yet, had let him write to tell me all. But, no, it is better as it is. If he uses her badly, I should feel even worse than I do at present, and goodness knows there is no need for that! I feel now just the wickedest woman in the whole world!"

She actually sheds a tear or so as she sighs out the confession, and nestles more cosily under the fur-lined rug, for the September days are growing chill. It will be pleasant to get back to the warmth of her own rooms, pleasanter still to get back to England, to the theatre, to all the old exhilarating excitement and applause. Once there she will be her gay defiant self again; she will forget all that weighs like a nightmare on her spirits now.

"But I wish I had never known him—had never injured her," she thinks regretfully still. "He is the meanest man and she the most innocent woman I have ever known; but she is as proud as she is pure and good. How can they patch up such a quarrel as I have made between them?"

CHAPTER II.

HALF an hour later Mr. Frank Maynard, with something less than his usual insolent self-possession, stands in one of the bare, glittering, unhome-like rooms of a Parisian hotel, drawing on and off his gloves and keeping an anxious watch on the door.

It opens at last, and some one comes in—some one whom it is no figure of speech to say he does not recognize at once, and yet it is his wife, the beautiful young creature he has never really loved, whom he has wronged and neglected, and yet of whose beauty he has in his own cold careless way been proud. There is little enough beauty in this gaunt, sallow, hollow-eyed woman, with the close-cut brown hair and clinging draperies of crape.

"Stella!" he cries, aghast. There are horror, repulsion, even something like anger expressed in that one word. She is his wife, and any husband might well be grieved at seeing the marks of keen pain, the cruel ravages that grief has wrought in such a short space of time. But she is more than a wife; she represents a commercial speculation, a paying property in his eyes, and he takes the deterioration of that property as a personal wrong.

She lets her dull apathetic glance rest on his face, seeming to read but hardly to resent what is written there. With the slowness that tells of excessive weakness, she creeps rather than walks up the long room, touching now a table, now a chair-back to help her on her way, until she reaches the rug on which her husband stands.

He has noted the tacit admission of failing strength, but has not offered his assistance, partly because of the intense disgust in which almost every other feeling is merged, and partly, though this he does not admit even to himself, because instinct tells him that his help would be refused.

As they stand now face to face, the autumn sunshine streaming fully in upon them both, it is hardly possible to think them man and wife, not because it is painfully evident that they are less than friends, but in every way they seem to be set widely apart. Even their costumes are symbolical—the woman's deep crape speaks of affliction recent and severe, the man's bears no trace of even complimentary mourning.

Apparently, now they are together, they do not find it easy to commence a conversation; but not for lack of topics. Each has his or her mind packed full, and a very distinct idea of what to say when the occasion comes. It is only the first step that is difficult; and, with a little conscious gathering together of his wandering wits and flagging courage, Frank Maynard at last breaks the silence.

"Well, Stella," he says, after clearing his throat with a preliminary cough, "I am glad to see you off the sick-list again, though you do not look over-strong even yet."

Stella bends her shorn head almost imperceptibly and keeps her great gray eyes steadily fixed upon his face.

"I am better," she says, with weariness in her look and tone—"well enough to see you and arrange for—our future."

"Our future?" he echoes, and, in spite of all his efforts, his voice is neither so clear nor so natural-sounding as he wishes it to be. "Surely you are a little—what shall I say?—alarming, Stella. Need we discuss our future on this, our first meeting——"

"And, I hope, our last," Stella interrupts, with a curious lighting-up of the dim lustreless eyes, which look unnaturally large in the worn oval face. "There is nothing else for us to discuss; let us decide that at once."

The man's brows and lips twitch. It is only with a mighty effort he keeps back the fierce imprecation that struggles to escape—indeed, for a minute, he cannot trust himself to speak. He walks quickly across the room and back again, gnawing savagely the while at his moustache, before he manages to say, in a conciliatory tone—

"Now, for Heaven's sake, do not let us have any nonsense or tragedy airs, Stella! I was half afraid of something of the sort, and I never could stand that sort of thing. You are a sensible woman; you know something of the world. You can make allowances when you like, and you know it is not easy for any fellow to admit he has been in the wrong and say he is confoundedly sorry for what he has done; but I do say it, Stella, as abjectly as you please. And now, before we talk about the future, won't you forget the past?"

There is real eager earnestness in the handsome shifty eyes, a ring of such intense feeling in the clear voice as she has never before heard from him; but both look and sound fall to touch Stella. She knows their value only too well; and, when he puts his hand out with a half-timid gesture, she draws back with genuine abhorrence and alarm, her pale face growing still paler, though a scarlet spot springs up on either cheek-bone and makes the large eyes look unnaturally bright.

"Do not touch me—do not come near me, Francis Maynard!" she cries, in a low tone that is startlingly distinct. "I can endure to see and listen to you only with an effort; your touch would drive me mad!"

He draws back with a sullen glare, and she rests one thin white hand on the chair, pressing the other forcibly against her heart, which throbs with sickening rapidity.

For a few minutes more they are both silent—she from sheer weakness, he because he is struggling with the brutal murderous impulse that rises in his breast. At last he manages to gain something like self-control, and says—

"Well, I suppose you must have your fling; play out the pretty little scene you have devised for my punishment. You will come to your senses, and see that you can only make the best of what is, Heaven knows, a bad enough bargain for us both. Perhaps I had better leave you now, and come again when you are more nearly in your right mind?"

He moves, or turns as though he would move, towards the door; but she stops him at once.

"No, we will settle everything now. It will be better; then there will be no need for us to meet again!"

"No need?" he echoes, with a bewildered stare, then, with a quick ironical laugh, he recovers himself. "My dear Stella, you are delirious still or you would not talk such romantic nonsense to me! Whatever you grievance, whatever your cause of complaint against me—and I freely admit that you have some—you are my wife, and as such under my control. I can force you to obey me!"

"Never!"

It is the merest whisper; the pale lips hardly part to let it pass. Yet somehow the man who feels it is the expression of a will he shall never bend, the outcome of a nature he shall never more subdue. Yet for the three years of her married life Stella has been docile as a child; he can hardly think that she is in her right senses when she thus boldly defies him. After all, however fierce her resentment, however unbearable the sharp pain that stings her to revolt, she must know that all the power is in his hand!—that he is her master still. Her master, yes. He clings to and supports himself upon that phrase, warned by some sure instinct that she will never recognize him as her husband again, let him pray and protest and plead for pardon as he will.

"After all, it is perhaps better to put affairs on that footing at once," he thinks, with a smile that is at once uneasy and evil. "It would be awful to have to live up to her crape and deliriums, as I should have to do for weeks at least if I were to win my way back to her good graces now; whereas, if we get to business at once, there need be no pretence of feeling on either side, and she may be disposed to pay pretty heavily for the privilege of being let alone."

"I tell you what it is, Stella," he says, acting on this decision at once and speaking in a quick, sharp, business-like tone—"we are rather making fools of ourselves, and had better drop this sort of thing! Let by-gones be by-gones; but you will have your own way, and so we had better get to business and talk about the future, as you say. When shall you be able to sing again?"

"Never!"

The word drops clearly and distinctly from the pale lips; the haggard eyes meet his with a firm defiance. They read the blind brutal fury that sends the blood with a rush to the man's face and brow, and brings a murderous look into the cold shifty eyes; but they do not droop for a second, nor does the woman waver in her purpose, though within herself she thinks—

"He would kill me if it were safe. Perhaps he will kill me as it is, for in his furious rages even the thought of his own safety does not always control him. Well, let him. He may take the life that has lost all value; he shall not make me break my oath."

Frank Maynard, though there is indeed murder in his heart, does not proceed to actual violence, partly because that selfish fear on which she counts checks the blind fury of his rage, and partly because he remembers that killing her would in no way help to fill those perennially empty pockets of his.

"'Never' is a long day," he cries, with forced lightness, though his face is livid and his brow is black as night. "You mean, I suppose, until you have had some rest and change—until you have had time to recover in some measure from—from the late shock?"

Callous as he is, he hesitates slightly over the last words, and looks quietly at his wife to see how she receives them. Her face does not change in any way; it is set in a rigid defiant calm, and she repeats in the voice that is at once so pathetically feeble and so curiously firm—

"I mean never! I swore it by my dead baby, Frank Maynard; I will never sing again!"

"You will never?" The man comes a step or two nearer, lifts his hand, and then shrinks back, appalled by his own purpose or the calm determined courage of her eyes. "You—you are talking nonsense—wild hysterical nonsense, Stella," he says hurriedly and incoherently—"that is, unless your voice has gone."

The quick change to keen business-like anxiety almost brings a smile to her face.

"No," she answers, with the same icy tranquillity, "my voice, I believe, is as it always was."

He draws a long breath of relief. After all, there might have been worse things to battle with than even this flat rebellion.

"Thank Heaven for that!" he exclaims, with fervor. "You gave me a horrible shock, for, putting all high-strung feelings and tall talk aside, Stella, I think it would puzzle either of us to say, if you cease to sing, how we are both to live."

"How? As best we can, each of us in our separate paths; for one thing is quite certain, that we part here and for ever!"

"Absurd!" Frank Maynard cries, with a would-be scornful laugh. "You are not speaking to a friend who has offended you, a lover you can cast off, but to your husband—a man who, setting sentiment aside, has practical legal rights that he can and will enforce."

"To the man whose own conduct has set me free, from whom the law itself will release me whenever I choose to ask its aid. I know what I am saying, know what I can and what I cannot do. I would rather make terms with you, would rather avoid the public scandal of a divorce; but on your terms or my own I will be free."

A divorce! Frank Maynard feels his blood turn to ice as the word falls upon his ear. He is not a man who sets much store by public opinion, but he knows there is a point beyond which he cannot outrage it and be safe.

He thinks of Lady Sarah Mobbs and the butterman's money, and shivers. Little chance will he ever have of fingering that precious coin if this story ever reaches his aunt's austerely virtuous ears.

"Confound you! What are your terms then?" he bursts out with savage brutality, abandoning all disguise. "If you are fool enough to throw away the chance of coining money, how do you propose to live? I swear it cannot and it shall not be on me!"

"It shall not." Stella's face for the first time wears a bright transient flush; her dark gray eyes light up superbly, her tone is full of purpose and energy now. "That I promise, that I swear; I may break down, I may die in a workhouse, but I will be no drag on you. After to-day I will not bear your name."

He listens in thoughtful silence, tugging viciously at his moustache, turning the pros and cons of the matter over in his mind. After all, perhaps it might be better to take her at her word and sever the tie between them then and there. Her married life has been more or less of a mistake from his point of view as well as hers; if she ceases to be a paying partner, it is nothing less than an absolute catastrophe.

The position of which he boasts, and with which he has failed to cow her, is rather a rotten reed to trust, if not a spear that will break and pierce his hand. It enables him to bully, to torture, and even in a measure to control her; but, while she chooses to keep her mouth shut, it cannot force her to sing.

"It is hard to let a gold-mine go," he thinks; "but, after all, there is not much good in a gold-mine that you cannot work; and for the rest, divorce without publicity would be a real blessing to me. But to let her triumph, to let her win the game, by George, that is a bitter pill to swallow!"

Stella manages to guess his thoughts pretty well, and breathes more freely.

A little patient firmness, a little more strength and self-control, and she will be free. If only she were not so pitiably weak in body, if only the room would not swim and waver in that dim uncertain way!

"You will agree; you will not try the Law Courts?" she cries, with a sudden eagerness of appeal. "You will lose nothing, Frank Maynard, for no power on earth will make me sing again, and you would not care to keep me, a helpless burden, on your hands."

"Most certainly not. But, if I accept your wild proposal, if I give you your freedom and take my own, there still remains the problem, how are we both to live? How am I to live, rather, for you in a measure have feathered your nest and are provided for?"

"I am provided for—how?"

He laughs a little uneasily, and the shifty eyes wander round the room with a covetous glitter in their restless depths.

"Oh, you were always of a saving turn, and then you have your jewels—they must be worth between two and three thousand pounds at least!"

She looks him straight in the face, with a passing wonder that there should still be an unsuspected depth of meanness in the man she once thought she loved. Then a curious smile just touches her pale lips.

"My jewels—yes, I had forgotten them," she says quietly; "they have more value than I ever thought. Will you take them, Francis Maynard? Will you let them purchase for you what pleasures and luxuries you please—for me freedom and peace?"

He hesitates for a second; then his eye catches the glitter of a small silver key she half holds out towards him; he makes

a sudden savage snatch at it, and mutters sullenly—

"Yes."

CHAPTER III.

A PRETTY red-brick house in one of the remoter suburbs of far-reaching London, near enough to the great city to let one of its busiest workers come and go by morning and evening train, far enough away to escape the noise, the dust, the ceaseless turmoil of the town, to revel in green turf and old thick-foliaged trees, in a wide delightful stretch of garden, in all the freedom country life can give.

The Elms is neither a modern family mansion nor a time-honored ancestral hall, but just old enough for quaintness and new enough for comfort.

A very pleasant and picturesque abode it looks, with the warm sunset of the August evening shining upon the gabled roof, the pointed windows, the red walls with their glossy green mantle of ivy, and the wide white steps that lead up to the open hall door.

The Elms is the property of Mr. Quentin Carruthers Jephson, a gentleman well known and widely respected on the Stock Exchange and in the immediate precincts of his home, though perhaps it must be admitted that in the latter locality his prestige has suffered some diminution of late. For Mr. Jephson, a widower of some twenty years' standing, with a pretty and popular daughter to make his home comfortable and attractive, has committed the unpardonable sin of marrying again.

"And marrying so absurdly," cries the female society of the neighborhood indignantly—which, it is perhaps needless to say, comprises a sufficient number of spinsters young and old on their promotion, and widows eager to be appointed once more to take a post of active command.

"One would say nothing if he had made a sensible choice, but, really, to bring home a girl of that age—hardly older than his own daughter—really there is no gauging the foolishness of men!"

"No, indeed! It must be a terrible shock to poor Kitty, after being mistress there so long. She must wish she herself had married; but she was so devoted to her father and her home."

"Yes, I know it cost her no small pang to send Oscar Clifford away two years ago." Here the last speaker lowers her voice mysteriously. "I've every reason to believe that she did not refuse him. She begged him to wait a few years, finish his studies in Rome, and then settle down here; but he is hot-tempered and jealous, and it made him very angry that she should put even her father before him. So he went off in a tiff, and I believe there has been no communication of any sort between them since."

"Poor Kitty!" sighs the female crowd with fervent sympathy.

Each lady present feels that she has been more or less unappreciated and ill used, and it is something of a relief to pass the pity that might perchance be accorded to them on to the girl who has suffered a real, acknowledgable but not humiliating wrong.

And Kitty Jephson is acutely and angrily conscious of the general commiseration, though, being a proud girl to whom pity is intolerable, she does her best to laugh it away, and convince the small world of gossips around her that she is quite satisfied with things as they are; that there are no strained relations between her and her father, while she and her step-mother have been from the first on amiable terms.

"Helen is a charming companion; I do not wonder papa found her irresistible," she tells all and sundry in her bright frank way; "and we are old friends, you know. We were at school together years ago. I shall not call her 'mother'—of course not; she is only five-and-twenty, three years older than I—it would be absurd! A surprise and shock to me? Well, a surprise perhaps, but hardly a shock. I knew papa had something on his mind, he has been so distracted and so much in town of late. He might have told me? Well, perhaps again; but I am not so sure even of that, for then I should have had to be bridesmaid, I suppose, and one must feel stupid at one's father's wedding."

"And—pardon me, Kitty—you and Mrs. Jephson are friends still?"

Miss Jephson's big velvety brown eyes are very wide open and very contemptuously bright, her fresh rosy lips curve with hearty scorn.

"My dear Mrs. Monk, what a question!" she says with an emphasis that makes the Vicar's wife and gossip of the village feel suddenly conscious of an ill-bred persistency. "Of course we are friends! Do you think I would live on ill terms with my father's wife? And, even if I wished for such a horrid state of things, Helen's sweet temper would baffle me; it takes two to quarrel, they say, and no one could quarrel with her. No, no; if you doubt me, Mrs. Monk, come up to the Elms and see what a happy family we are!"

She goes off then, laughing, and calling her dogs about her in the bright clear voice that has so brave and cheery a ring.

Mrs. Monk stands at the Vicarage gate, watching the slender, erect young figure until it vanishes from her sight. Then she shakes her head in a slow significant fashion as she back to the house.

"It is good acting, but it does not deceive me," she thinks, with a queer mixture of pride in her own sagacity, and real sympathy with the girl, who has grown up and lived so happily under her eyes; "bravely as she carries it all off, it is a sore blow to her, and she is in the mood to do something desperate just to get rid of her pain. I wish Oscar Clifford were near at hand, and would renew his offer. I do not think she would reject him now."

Something of this the good woman says to her husband when she gets in; but he, busy with a sermon and impatient always of womanly fancies and gossip, puts her and the subject roughly aside.

"Oh, nonsense! You are always weaving absurd romances and making mountains of molehills, Ruth. There is nothing the matter with the girl. She was down at the school-house this morning, and I never saw her in a merrier mood; in fact, I told her she made the children laugh a great deal too much."

"Oh, yes, she acts well!" Mrs. Monk persists, compressing her lips and clinging to her formula in a fashion that exasperates her short-tempered husband.

"Acts! There was no acting in the matter. Why should she 'act' with me? I do not suppose Kitty likes the marriage—no daughter in her place would; but she makes the best of the matter."

"Of a very bad matter. She has acted like an angel, James," said Mrs. Monk.

"She has done nothing of the kind. I never came across a less angelic personage than Miss Kitty, though she is a great favorite of mine. She has accepted a difficult position with genuine good taste and common-sense, and I am satisfied with and proud of her, as you should be. Now let me finish my sermon in peace."

Mrs. Monk accepts her dismissal meekly enough. An autocrat in all parish affairs, she is a most amiably submissive wife; but, though silenced, she is by no means convinced, and says so, to her own infinite relief, when once she is outside the study door.

"I said she acted splendidly; of course she would deceive any man!" She thinks, with a genuine scorn for masculine obtuseness that more than pays back the Vicar's joke at fancies feminine. "But she cannot blind me, bravely and brightly as she carries the whole thing off; she is in a state of dangerous and reckless revolt. James is a very clever man, but it takes a woman to read a girl's heart when she is as strenuously bent on hiding its secret as Kitty Jephson is."

And Mrs. Monk is most emphatically right. Mr. Monk is certainly cleverer than his good-natured gossiping wife, but it has been the easiest thing in the world for Kitty Jephson to deceive him with a few bright cheery words. Looking into the merry eyes, listening to the ringing laugh, the Vicar no more dreams, than does the youngest school-child who watches Miss Kitty with wondering admiration, that the girl is less than content with what after all is a sufficiently happy lot. But, though a much finer art has been consciously used to blind his wife, she is not in the least deluded, but reads all the pain and passion her young friend tries so hard to hide as plainly as though the story were written in a book.

And that pain is a very bitter—very hard to bear. That passion, all the stronger for its forcible repression, glows at a dangerous white heat. Hurt, indignant, stung to the heart as she is, Kitty Jephson is ripe for any wild enterprise, for any mad revolt. For twenty years she has been her father's constant companion and friend—petted, consulted, thinking, and justified in thinking, herself the prime object of his existence, as he was of hers. And she is nothing to him now—a blot on his domestic happiness, an unwelcome and uncomfortable intruder upon his honeymoon joy.

Of these and many other things Kitty Jephson thinks as she walks home through the lane that leads from the Vicarage to the Elms. She is in no hurry to return home; she never is in a hurry now. It is a comfort to be able to drop for a little while the mask she wears with such resolute pride.

"Does Oscar know, I wonder," she thinks, as the velvety eyes grow dim, the red lips quiver in a painful sort of smile; "and, if he knows, does he care? I dare say not; I dare say he thinks me rightly punished for my vanity in thinking myself indispensable at home. Poor Oscar! How angry he was, and how handsome he looked, when he bade me 'Good-bye' just here!"

She looks round her, and in the sadness of her eyes there is just a gleam of hope. Oscar Clifford knew that she loved him; she had hardly cared to hide that love when she sent him away. He knew and bitterly resented the fact that she was ready to sacrifice both him and herself to her father; but he loved her so dearly. She can see the eager passion in the blue eyes, can hear the tender tones of the full voice. Surely, when he knows her sacrifice was all in vain, he will forgive and come back to her once more?

"If he only would," she thinks, with a queer little half-laugh, half-sob. "I would give him a different answer now!"

She blushes vividly, though there are only the dogs, much too busily occupied routing in the hedges or scampering over the gorse-clad hills in eager search of rabbits, to waste a thought upon her, to hear the half-articulate confession, or note that crimson glow.

But presently her color fades a little, and her heart gives a nervous flutter, as her quick ears catch the sound of a light firm step and her nostrils the fragrance of a cigar.

"It cannot be Oscar!" she exclaims, with a mingled thrill of terror and delight. A verse she is fond of singing flits across her mind, and half unconsciously frames itself on her lips.

"I stretch out my hands; who will clasp them?
I call; thou replicst no word.
Oh, why should heart-longing be weaker
Than the waving wings of a bird?"

Why, indeed? She has longed for her young lover to stand by her now, to prove faithful among the faithless; and it may be that her longing has reached and brought him home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PRESENCE OF MIND.—There is nothing like presence of mind after all. The other day, during a tremendous shower, a gentleman entered a fashionable West-End club, bearing a splendid ivory-handled silk umbrella, which he placed in the stand. Instantly another gentleman, who was mourning the abstraction of just such an article, jumped up. "Will you allow me to look at that?" he said sternly. "Certainly," remarked the umbrella-carrier. "I was just taking it to the police-station. It was left in my house last night by a burglar whom we frightened off. I hope it will prove a first-rate clue." And, though the exasperated owner could plainly see where his name had been scratched off the handle, he sat down and changed the subject.

VOLCANIC FIRES.—Volcanic fires are not more formidably active anywhere than in the islands or on the coasts of the Pacific, where they may be traced in very definite zones or belts. From the summit of Sangay, a mountain in South America, in the eastern chain of the Andes, issues a continual fire attended with explosions, sometimes heard at Quito, a distance of 135 miles; 247 explosions having been counted in an hour. The volcano in the Island of Stromboli is also in perpetual activity. The flames of the crater furnish a constant light to the sailors in the neighboring seas. The largest crater in the world is that of Kilauea, in the Sandwich Islands, which is also in almost constant activity.

How often do we try, and persevere in trying, to make a sort of neat show of outer good qualities, without anything within to correspond, just like children who plant blossoms without any roots in the ground to make a pretty show for the hour! We find fault in our lives and we cut off the weed, but we do not root it up; we find something wanting in ourselves, and we supply it, not by sowing the divine seed of heavenly principle, but by copying the deeds that the principle ought to produce.

IT is stated that the colored people of the United States support 7 colleges, 17 academies and 50 high schools, in which there are 30,000 pupils. They have 1,500,000 children in the common schools and 24,000 teachers. More than 2,500,000 of the race can read and write.

Bric-a-Brac.

WILD DUCKS.—Wild-ducks are reported to be able to fly fifteen hundred miles at one time, and the pace of the swallow and martin is put down at about nine hundred miles in twenty-four hours.

TREES.—It is a common error that the roots of trees extend only as far from the trunk as the length of the branches; the truth is that they are usually longer on each side than the entire height of the tree. A tree thirty feet high forms a circle of roots more than sixty feet in diameter.

THE MONKEY.—As an example of the reasoning powers of monkeys, Mr. Darwin tells a story of one that was scratched by a pet kitten. At first Jocko was immensely amazed. Recovering from his surprise, however, he set to work to discover the location of the claws. After a severe tussle he got the four feet of the kitten with his clutches, saw the nails thrust from their guards, and, with the broadest grin of satisfaction, forthwith proceeded determinedly to bite off the points of each.

HINDOO FEMALES.—Hindoo females are regarded as inferior beings by all classes of the Hindoo native community. When a boy is born, there is much sounding of shells and beating of gongs and tom-toms; but silence prevails throughout the household when it is known that a daughter is born. A mother is often supported by the assurance that her baby is a boy; but, when she fails to hear the din of rejoicing, she knows that she been deceived, and she bemoans her fate. It is perhaps needless to add that she soon begins to fondle her infant daughter as lovingly as if the baby had been a son.

CLEANING THE SLATE.—A singular custom is said to obtain in the Passeyer Valley, Tyrol. On the first Monday of Lent, the inhabitants of the valley meet every year at St. Leonhard, the largest of the villages of that region, for the purpose of settling, according to an ancient custom, the pending affairs of the past year. In the open field near a bridge, outstanding debts are squared, interest is paid; in short, all business obligations are discharged and new connections made. Woe to the debtor who should dare to stay away—his credit would inevitably be ruined throughout the valley.

"TUMBLER."—Has the origin of this word as applied to the drinking glass ever been inquired into? I have in my possession an old diary, kept by a great-uncle of mine in the year 1803, in which occurs the following entry; "Had a few friends to dine; tried my new tumbling glass; very successful, all got drunk early." I have an indistinct recollection of my parents being in possession of one of these "tumbling glasses," a glass with a bottom somewhat similar to that of a soda-water bottle, so that one had constantly to keep hold of it when in use. Is it not probable that this was the reason of such glasses being styled tumblers?

WIRE NETTING.—A wire netting for plastering to take the place of laths is not a new idea. It requires less labor to put on the walls, is more continuous, and will not burn. Coarse netting with one-inch mesh, and made of strong wire, is found to answer best. For ornamental cornice work it is especially valuable, for it can be bent in any desired form. Secured to iron studding in a brick building the greatest danger on account of fire would be removed. A still further application of this plan is to make round bags of wire resembling barrels, and to coat them inside and out with cement. When it hardens they resemble barrels. Filled with sand and sunk in rows and masses; they make excellent building materials for breakwaters.

MEN'S NAMES.—A man entered a North Brighton store, whom the merchant mistook for the representative of a hardware firm. "Hello, Day," was his greeting. "Wrong," was the response. "My name is Knight. Can't you tell Knight from Day?" That reminded a man present of visiting a studio in Boston when James Fairman's paintings were on exhibition. Mr. Fairman grasped the hand of the speaker's companion with an expression of pleasure and exclaimed, "Why, how do you do, Mr. Bacon?" "I think you are laboring under a mistake; my name is not Bacon," was the reply. "Is it possible," rejoined the artist; "certainly there is a wonderful resemblance." "Why shouldn't there be?" remarked the victim of mistaken identity, with a smile. "Come to think of it, our names are similar; mine is Burnham"—and the artist joined heartily in the laugh.

ONCE.

BY W. W. LONG.

Once you came and stood beside me, dear,
Softly laid your hand upon my hair;
Through the door a sound was heard,
Then you quickly glided from my chair.

Once you told me in the month of June,
That for poems I had wrote to you,
Fame her wreath to me would give,
Twined around with tender love and true.

Fame is nothing to me—Love is all—
All I have of fame and power,
I would gladly give to you,
For Love's fragrant, perfect flower.

Though our lives must lie apart,
I have still the sacred past,
And the knowledge firm and true,
Love for me will ever last.

THE HAPPY END.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

THEY stood there, pale speechless, staring into each other's face with eyes that were full of horror and knowledge and despair. Then D'Eynecourt sank down upon a fallen tree by the pathway and hid his face from her gaze.

"Heaven forgive me!" he groaned. "What have I done?"—and he could not meet the look of love and pity that still rested upon him.

Then, slowly and silently, another head and shoulders came round the gray rock, and Major Barrington emerged into view, looking very grave and troubled. Deletia's eyes met his, and she knew that he had heard and seen all.

"Skiffins, old man," he said gently, laying his hand upon D'Eynecourt's bowed shoulder, which made no effort to shake it off, "this won't do any good, my poor fellow! Come—pull yourself together! We must get back to Naples, you know, Miss Ormsby." Deletia could not tell if the moisture were really in his eyes or only in her own as she looked at him like a white statue. "He saved your life just now, thank Heaven!"

For one moment D'Eynecourt raised his head, and Deletia's eyes and his own met. The next, she was disappearing up the winding path and the last flutter of her white dress was vanishing among the gay-green olives.

"Where's Alured?" demanded Miss Rackstraw, as Major Barrington reached the carriage alone.

"He has decided to walk back to Castellamare," said his friend with an air of forced and somewhat indifferent gaiety. "Says he wants the walk—is scaling too heavy. He'll get down in time for dinner."

"Stupid of him!" muttered Miss Rackstraw, flinging herself back in her corner. "I shan't allow this sort of thing again, I can promise him."

And only one out of the quartette—Deletia—saw the gray knickerbockered figure which came out from the little olive grove behind them and struck up the steep mountain-path like one who walks in a dream.

That distant glimpse of D'Eynecourt, toiling up the steep mountain-path, was her last. Deletia felt within her very soul the impossibility of meeting him again face to face—him, the pledged husband of another woman, whose heart had been laid bare to her in that one unguarded moment of supreme relief. They must see each no more! Which was the keener? The sharp sting of pain and hopeless life-long separation, of renunciation even of the thought of him who was more to her than all the world—of that one flash of time when he held her clasped in his strong arms, against his throbbing heart, and she knew his love was hers, and hers only? Deletia hid her face among the lace-fringed pillows of her bed, and tried to shut out from her ears that were sharpened to every sound the roll of the departing carriage upon the flags of the courtyard. She had pleaded a headache, which was truly no feigned excuse, for her absence from the ten o'clock breakfast that morning. Nothing should force her to meet Alured D'Eynecourt again—she dared not; and bed was a safe refuge against all possible farewells.

Miss Rackstraw however had no respect for any such sanctuary.

"I've come to say 'Good-bye,'" she said, noisily bursting in upon Deletia's darkened solitude and brushing a little white dressing-gown from the chair to the tiled floor as she passed, with a sublime disregard of any one else's possessions. "I thought that drive yesterday would knock you up; you looked as white as a ghost when we were coming home—nearly as bad as Alured did when he got in after that foolish walk back. I never heard such folly! I shouldn't say you were strong—are you? Well, I'm off; and I leave you to my aunt's tender mercies, with my blessing. I really don't think I've wasted the time here, though it's been an awful bore. Thank fortune, I'm free to enjoy myself now; and I mean to do it! You'll hear all about the wedding from aunt Janet. I shall have to make no end of haste over my trousseau when I get home. The wedding is fixed for the twenty-third of June, you know. I heard this morning they've begun the unroofing at Ewehurst, so that looks like business. Well, good-bye; I dare say we'll meet again some day. Of course, when aunt Janet comes back to England, I'll have to ask her down to the Chase, so you'll have a chance of seeing how the place is improved since you knew it! Good-bye! You haven't wished Captain D'Eynecourt and me joy, do you know?"

And she leaned forward to bestow a perfunctory salute upon Deletia's cheek; but it was turned from her with something like a recoil.

"I—I——" Deletia tried to hide her burning face in the pillows; then she suddenly sat up, as with a resolute self-control, and bent it towards Miss Rackstraw's.

"Forgive me," she said, more solemnly than the occasion seemed to warrant; "I do wish you happiness—all happiness! Let me kiss you, please;" and she pressed her lips gravely on Miss Rackstraw's white forehead.

"She's a little light-headed, I fancy," said that young lady, in reply to Major Barrington's anxious inquiries as she returned to the salon. "I always think a headache is a bad sign in these climates; it may mean fever. She said 'Good-bye' to me as if I were going to my death instead of home to be married, and kissed me so solemnly that I felt like somebody saying 'Good-bye' to a condemned prisoner. Oh, no; she didn't send you any message of farewell—don't flatter yourself—or Alured either! She didn't seem to remember the existence of either of you. I never did think her at all like other people, did you?"

"Not much, certainly," said the Major; but his tone meant something different from Miss Rackstraw's; while, as for Captain D'Eynecourt, he was looking with deep interest from the open window at a cat wandering sadly about the courtyard; and he made no remark whatever in answer.

"Off at last!" was Mrs. McNab's valedictory remark when Deletia appeared, late in the afternoon, pale and weary, in the little tiled salon. "And a precious good riddance too! That girl would have driven me mad if she'd stayed much longer; a more trying woman I've never met, and never wish to meet again. As for that young D'Eynecourt, he's a thousand times too good for her; and what on earth he's marrying her for—why, Heaven only knows! A nice life she'll lead him! I'm sorry for him already! Sit down, child; don't stand;" and Deletia found herself pushed gently into one of the big, ugly, green-covered arm-chairs. "You're as white as a cabbage-butterfly. I'll make you a cup of tea—good English tea—none of their black coffee or vin de pays, or outlandish things of that sort they're so fond of here, but a cup of real honest tea; it will do you good;" and she bustled off after her spirit-kettle.

It was a long hard struggle, that of Deletia with herself—a struggle that went on through the next three weeks before it was conquered; but at last victory came, and, on the evening of the twenty-third of June—the evening of the day that had given Alured D'Eynecourt as husband to another woman—she stood out on the terrace in the summer twilight, and, looking upwards at Vesuvius' flame-crowned height, told herself that the conflict was over, and her heart, though it might never know the joy of love again, at least had won its way to peace. Yes—the battle was over, and she could pray for the happiness of the man she must not love—could trust herself to think of him now without one wild rebellious pang. This was a conquest worth the winning!

"Well, I declare; what next!"

Mrs. McNab burst from the long French window, an open letter in her hand.

"This passes all I ever heard! I could have believed a good deal, but I couldn't have believed this! Well, well—I did think they had some decency among them, but I always knew they hadn't. I hope they're satisfied now!"

"What's the matter?" Deletia turned, startled, from her musings, as the letter, in Mrs. McNab's excitement, rustled within an inch of her face.

"Matter! Disgrace—that's what the matter! I always knew those Rackstraws would sell their souls for money!"

Mrs. McNab was actually panting in her indignation.

"But what is it—is it anything about the wedding? You can't have heard already how it went off—it was only to-day."

"No—it wasn't to-day, and it hasn't come off—and it won't! It's all broken off at the very last moment!"

"Broken off?"

The surrounding objects seemed to swim before Deletia's eyes, and she caught the balustrade beside her.

"Yes, broken off! And a good job too for that young D'Eynecourt! He's had a narrow escape, I can tell him! Here's the letter. It's from that Gladys What's-her-name! Oh, you know—Armstrong, that's it—your friend! You can read it for yourself."

And she dragged Deletia and the letter together towards the lamp, with its red silk shade, upon the marble table within.

"I don't think I can see."

Deletia tried to look at the letter, but the lines seemed to dance before her eyes.

"The light—I've been outside in the outer darkness. Read it to me, please, if you will."

"I can't read it all through again."

Mrs. McNab appeared too excited for any sustained effort.

"She writes a vile hand, and it's enough to send you frantic to puzzle it out; but I'll tell you all about it—and particularly edifying it is! It seems, from Gladys Armstrong, she'd gone on to Sheffield for the wedding—there's a lot about the dress she was going to wear, which has nothing earthly to say to the whole affair! It seems they kept putting off the settlements, and Captain D'Eynecourt couldn't get a sight of them to sign them. Of course, they ought, if they drove it off to the very time of the wedding, he would never break it off then, but would agree to anything. So it went on till the very day before yesterday, with the bridesmaids' dresses and the cake in the house, and the presents coming in by every post; and then they really let him see them. It was at the Rackstraws' new house close to Sheffield that Captain D'Eynecourt went to sign the papers. When he came to read them, what do you suppose he found? Nobody but a Rackstraw would have had the audacity to propose such terms! That he was to take the name of Rackstraw D'Eynecourt—a pretty combination, to be sure!"

Mrs. McNab indulged in her favorite sniff.

"That, if he died the day after he married, the whole estates should pass unreservedly into the hands of his wife, with no claim upon them from old Sir Adrian—who had given them up by deed of gift to his nephew—and that, if Eva married again, they should still be unreservedly hers to do what she liked with. Of course you see the Rackstraws' plot. But what man with any feeling of honor would agree to sign a thing? He was angry enough, you may be sure, and refused to sign such settlements, as well he might. Gladys Armstrong says she never admired any man more. I should say she could keep her admiration for her own husband. So they told him, if he didn't like the terms, he couldn't have the bride. And he marched across the room, very pale and stern, to where Eva sat, in her white silk and pearls, like a bride already—that's what Gladys says—and he demanded if all this was with her approval and consent. So she laughed disdainfully and said 'Yes.' The minx! He said then he must have been mistaken in supposing all along that she cared for him. She laughed again, and said he must be infatuated to talk about love when marriage was a mere question of money. And then he said he had indeed been deluded, but that was at an end, and he had the honor to wish her 'Good evening.' So off went the bridegroom—he behaved like a man—and the wedding came to a smash. I never was better pleased at anything in my life. The poor boy! With the roof of his house off, and his uncle turned out of his own! But he's cheaply out of the bargain, I can tell him; and, if Eva Rackstraw thinks she'll ever get a farthing of my money, she's preciously mistaken. I'll alter my will to-morrow."

And Mrs. McNab scratched her nose vindictively with the corner of Mrs. Armstrong's envelope.

Whether it was the excitement of the news or a prolonged butterfly-hunt, one very hot morning in early July, over the slopes of Vesuvius, nobody ever quite knew, but Mrs. McNab was taken with fever not many weeks after that memorable night, and all butterfly-hunting was laid aside. At first the doctors declared there was no cause at all for any alarm; but, as time went on, other symptoms began to show themselves which changed the aspect of the case, and they began to look grave and shake their heads.

Naples was no place for foreigners to linger in so late in the season. Mrs. McNab's constitution, robust enough in early days, had not now the power of resistance to disease that once belonged to it; and it promised to be a serious case. At last there came a day when they told Deletia that all that human skill and care could do had been done, and that nothing was left but to prepare herself for parting from Mrs. McNab.

Deletia had grown very fond of the kindly eccentric old lady and felt a really deep and sincere grief. Mrs. McNab however took her usual practical view of the subject.

"It's no use saying I shouldn't have liked to live long enough to finish my collections," she said, "because I should. I hate leaving things half done, and I always did and always shall. I've left you everything, my dear—butterflies and all. There are some eggs hatching out in the green box which I'd like you to give an eye to; they're a new variety and rather rare. And you'll take care of the collection, won't you? That's right! Well, now I think I'll go to sleep. Give me a kiss first, that's a good child! I've been much fonder of you than I ever expected to be of anybody since McNab died. You can draw the curtains now."

They did so.

Deletia was once more alone in the world, homeless and friendless, but no longer poor. The old lawyer, who came out from England to settle all matters and arrange for the funeral, looked with some curiosity at the slim young figure which came to meet him.

"You've a fine fortune, my dear young lady—a fine fortune!" he said. "My late respected client lived a very great deal below her means and has saved a large amount since her husband's death. I must congratulate you upon your good fortune. This will be a very unexpected turn of affairs for the Rackstraw connection, and not altogether welcome, I imagine."

Deletia looked grave.

"I particularly desire that they should not suffer on my account," she said. "I wish to consult you about handing over to Miss Rackstraw a certain part of the money Mrs. McNab left me. I know she was always considered her aunt's heiress, and it seems unfair that I should have it all."

The old lawyer looked at her disapprovingly.

"A most unpractical suggestion, my dear young lady," she said, "and one which, I am glad to say, it is impossible to carry out. Mrs. McNab appeared to anticipate some such step on your part, for, by the terms of her will, she has taken special means to prevent it. She forbids your bestowing any portion of her fortune upon any person whatever, and it is closely tied up on your personal heirs."

"But I have none," Deletia said, smiling.

"That is no reason why you should never have any. Circumstances—ahem—may occur!"—and, with this vague allusion to Deletia's future, the interview was evidently considered at an end.

"You probably have friends in England," remarked the lawyer as he was about to take his leave, after the funeral was over and all arrangements had been made, "and will wish to return there. If I can be of any assistance in accompanying you——"

"You are very kind," said Deletia gratefully, "and I am much obliged; but I shall stay abroad, at least for the present. Mrs. McNab's servants have agreed to stay with me, and I think I shall go to Switzerland for this summer. After that—well, it is impossible to say."

CHAPTER IX.

IT was May again—early May. An English traveler, pausing where the orange trees of the Villa Nadi drooped their golden weight over the gray wall towards the white dust of the road beneath, looked up and down the shaded way.

"Trevor, Trevor!" called a girl's sweet voice on the other side of the high wall.

"You bad dog! Where are you making off with that ball of wool? Come back this minute!"

And the rush of canine paws and the deprecatory bark were almost drowned in the peal of merry laughter.

Major Barrington started and looked hard at the little green door, from whose other side light footsteps were retreating. Then, with no more hesitation, he stepped forward and rang the little ill-hung bell.

"La signorina," he was beginning, as the green door opened creakingly, but stopped short as he saw the unmistakable English man-servant just within. "Ah, Saunders!" he said with a smile of recognition. "I needn't ask if I'm right and Miss Ormesby lives here. Is she at home? I know she is in, for I heard her voice just now."

"Yes, sir; if you please, sir!"—and the imperturbable Saunders led the way through a garden filled with glowing roses to the upper verandah, open on one side to the sea. Its marble floor was littered with gay-striped rugs and low-seated couches, while roses and jessamine climbed the stone columns in wild profusion. This was the chief reception-room of the Villa Nadi.

The young mistress of this charming abode sat on one of the low couches, engaged in coaxing from the jaws of a big Scotch deer-hound a ball of crimson wool, which its owner, a gentle old lady in a black silk gown, was regarding with considerable anxiety from her rocking-chair. Deletia looked up as Barrington paused on the threshold, reluctant to spoil the pretty picture. She then sprang to her feet and came forward, both hands held out.

"Major Barrington," she said, "this is indeed an agreeable surprise! You are the last person I expected to see." She shot a quick glance past him, as if expecting another figure. "Are you alone?" she asked, in a voice which tried to be unconcerned.

"Yes—at least for the moment. I have left D'Eynecourt at the hotel."

The color swept into her face, and she turned quickly away.

"Come and sit down," she said, going back to the low couch with its silk cushions and motioning him to a chair at her side. "Let me introduce you to Mrs. Dormer"—with a kindly smile at her chaperon. "And now tell me how you come to be in these parts, and how you found me out."

"Oh, the latter was easy enough! I heard from Mrs. Armstrong, who has been spending the winter in Malta, that you were here; but didn't know your address. But, strange enough, I heard your voice just now as I was passing the door."

"Dear me, I didn't know I was shouting so!" Her laugh sounded a little nervous. "I must call Trevor in less stentorian tones next time, or I shall be heard in Naples!"

"How odd to find you in this house!" Major Barrington was glancing with admiration round the terrace, with the sea, dotted with white sails, forming a delightful picture between the creeper-grown columns. "It's the very one you admired that day we all were here."

"Yes." A sudden recollection made her color change again. "I took it partly on that account. I mean, I fell in love with it then; and, when Mrs. Dormer and I were undecided where to go last autumn, I thought of this pretty place and felt how I should like to spend the winter here. It's getting a little hot in Sorrento, though, and we shall have to be striking our tents soon and moving off. I haven't an idea where—Norway, perhaps. Where are you bound for? Are you still stationed at Malta?"

"Yes; but the battery's under orders for Gibraltar in the autumn, 'and so home,' as Popsy would say. I've taken first leave, and came over here to see poor old Skiffins off. He sails for Australia to-morrow."

"To-morrow!"

The big Spanish fan Deletia was slowly waving to and fro fell from her hand with a sudden clatter and lay upon the marble floor. Major Barrington stooped for it, and, as he gave it back to her, their eyes met. There was a startled look on her face.

"Why is he going to Australia?" she asked, examining the very animated bull-fight on the sticks of the scarlet fan as if she had never seen it before. "What takes him so far away?"

The Major shrugged his broad shoulders.

"What is he to do, poor beggar?" he asked. "He can't starve—and there's nothing else open to him here. He has lost his profession, and at his time of life a man can get precious little to do at home. They can't even let the house—the roof's half off, and they've no money to put it on again; in fact, it's about as bad a business as ever I came across. Confound that girl!"

Deletia still played with her fan, opening and closing it as if it were a work of infinite nicety and importance.

"I saw the announcement of her marriage in the Morning Post," she said, without looking up.

"Yes; she managed to secure Lord Henry Orktyn—the most thorough blackguard in London, or out of it. I suppose she is content now; and her worst enemies can afford to forgive her, for she's prepared her own retribution, and no mistake. For my own part, I'd rather not think about her, since I can't forget poor Skiffins and what she has done for him."

"Is—is Captain D'Eynecourt going away for long?"

Deletia's voice was very low and tried to sound very matter-of-fact, but it failed.

"Probably for life. There's no reason why he shouldn't stop out there, if he gets work to do; and there are a dozen reasons against his coming back. Poor old Skiffins! I can't bear to think of it! The best officer in his battery, and the best fellow that ever walked!"

"I should like to say 'Good-bye' to him." Deletia spoke with evident effort. "Will you both dine with me this evening?"

"Thank you very much; but they've the barbarously early Italian hours at our hotel, and I except they'll have begun by the time I get back. I'll bring him round this evening, though, if I may. Of course he doesn't know yet you're here."

"And to-morrow?"—her voice was strained and unlike itself.

"Yes—he goes by Orient and is booked for to-morrow's steamer. Well, then, au revoir! I must be off now; but I'll see you later on." And, with a cordial handshake, the Major departed.

It was so far "later on" that the broad moon was high in the darkly blue heavens and the terrace illuminated in a flood of glory that made it almost like day. Every twig and leaf of the creepers had its own dash of gold, and there was a track of rippling light on the placid sea below.

The perfume of the roses and honeysuckle was heavy on the warm air; while the song of a nightingale, hidden among the dusky shrubs in the terraced garden below, added to the charm. Deletia's figure gleamed in vivid distinctness against the background of the shadow-darkened wall as she stood up to receive her guests.

She was dressed in a soft white frock of filmy Indian muslin, its pure spotlessness relieved only by the long sash of pale yellow silk that was passed round her slim waist and knotted at the side, and by the bunch of Gloire de Dijon roses at her breast.

Her eyes passed Major Barrington's broad shoulders and rested eagerly on the tall figure close behind. They shook hands without a word, and Deletia sank back into the low cane-chair from which she had just risen, glad of the coffee which had just been placed upon the tiny Moorish table by her side and over which she occupied herself busily for the next minute or two.

When she stole a look at the quiet figure beside Mrs. Dormer, she could see, even in that deceptive and unreal light, that D'Eynecourt was greatly altered. He was talking to the gentle old lady in the way he always had with elderly people, especially women—a sort of pleasant deference, which made old ladies in general pronounce him a young man quite apart from the present day. But to Deletia there was a subdued and helpless manner about him she had never known before, which made her heart ache.

She tried to make some commonplace remarks about the moonlight, the flowers—anything to make conversation general; but there was apparently just what it refused to become. D'Eynecourt would talk to no one but Mrs. Dormer. As for Major Barrington, she had never seen him so stupid. He hardly said a word and seemed bent on tracing the pattern of the black and white marble squares in the floor with the toe of his boot, as he leaned back idly on the little silk-cushioned couch.

Deletia tried her hardest to introduce topics of conversation that would interest them all. Nothing presented themselves but subjects upon which it was perilous to tread—they were all so full of what each of them longed most to avoid recalling; she was growing desperate. This evening for which she had hoped so much, for the sake of which she had conquered all the anguish and despair Major Barrington's news has brought her—was this to be the end of it all?

She could have cried out in the intensity of her overwrought feelings. This farewell was passing by like a call from casual and indifferent strangers.

Would he indeed go and say not a word beyond the every-day commonplaces of society talk? Had he nothing more to tell her now that the one barrier between them was removed? There could be but one solution—he was free, but he no longer cared!

She looked over at him with a wild involuntary pang of anguish and met his gaze fixed full upon her. He was resting one elbow on his knee and shading his eyes with his hand; but, even under that shelter, Deletia caught his glance—intent, yearning, full of passion. Her heart filled with an indescribable joy.

She rose, with a sudden feverish desire for movement and change, and pushed the little table aside.

"If we've all finished our coffee," she said, "we might as well go down into the garden; it is cooler there, close to the cliff's edge. And I want to show you the effect of the moonlight on the mouth of the great cave just below here, Major Barrington. It is so exceedingly curious."

And she led the way down the moss-grown stone steps into the shadow-haunted garden.

Mrs. Dormer had the deliberate walk of age and increasing weight. Deletia and Barrington reached the lower terrace overhanging the very sea while their companions were still cautiously, on behalf of one, feeling every step of their way down the carved staircase.

The sea lay bathed in its golden glory, the moon shining out of the profound depths of the sky—a full orb, floating in space. There was not a sound but the faint break of the ripples on the shore far below and the answer of leaf and bough in the soft perfumed breeze. Only now and then the nightingale's melodious notes broke from the olive-wood behind the house.

Major Barrington stopped short as they reached the stone balustrade that edged the cliff and turned upon the white-robed figure at his side. He took not the slightest notice of sea or sky or nightingale; his face was filled with a resolute determination, and he had no thought for anything besides.

"Miss Ormesby," he said, in the voice of one who has come to a decision and means to carry it out, "I suppose what I am going to say is awfully unconventional and queer, and all that; but I think you've a woman who won't misunderstand it, and that you will forgive me. I—you know it's not exactly the thing for a third person to speak about or meddle in—but, you know, I was there that day, in the olive-grove just on the other side of Sorrento, and saw, and know; and I know you——" The Major seemed to be getting somewhat involved, and became aware of it. "And so," he went desperately, "I don't see how I'm to help speaking, when a word might put it right, and without a word two lives may be out of joint all their days. Here Skiffins sailing to-morrow and never coming back again—at least, the odds are against it—and here are you. And when—I beg your pardon, but you mustn't mind—when I know you both care—why, it seems as if one word would put it straight; it can be done so easily."

He stopped short with a sudden burst of vexation. Deletia was leaning over the balustrade, her face turned from him.

"And cannot Captain D'Eynecourt speak for himself, that you must for him?" she asked, with a little proud gesture.

"No, by Jove—that's the very pith of it! He minds nothing in the whole business so much as parting from you—for ever, he calls it. I needn't tell you over again how he fell in love with you as a little child—you know all that—nor yet how, when he found you again, he loved you a thousand times better, though he was bound to another woman in honor."

"He is free now"—Deletia's head had sunk lower and lower, and her voice was almost a whisper—"he is altogether free."

"Yes, and he's an absolute idiot! He vows that, now you are rich, nothing will ever induce him to ask you. He says that after the last affair you would never believe in him—that you would think him a mercenary coward, and that he would be one in the eyes of the world. He says he will never ask you to marry him till he can come back to you with a fortune—and that'll be never, if he thinks he'll make it in Australia! That game's played out! And so, like the veriest madman outside an asylum, he's going without a single word, though I know one would do it. He would hardly even come to-night to say 'Good-bye'; he says he dares not trust himself near you. Miss Ormesby"—there was a sound of a distant step on the stone walk, and Major Barrington spoke fast and low—"I thought that day you came as a child to the Chase, you were the bravest little girl I ever saw. I believe you are a brave woman now—brave enough to save you both from life-long wretchedness and never-ending regret. Don't let me be disappointed. Well, Skiffins"—as D'Eynecourt turned the corner of the myrtle hedge and stood beside them—"what have you done with Mrs. Dormer—eh?"

"She found the garden too chilly," said D'Eynecourt. "She has gone back to the house, and asked me to tell Miss Ormesby she is afraid of her taking cold, and thinks she had better go indoors."

"Indoors!" cried Major Barrington. "On a night like this! Good heavens! I'll run and fetch Miss Ormesby a shawl or something, and she'll be as right as a trivet!"

Before either could prevent him, he had darted up the steps, and Deletia and D'Eynecourt were alone.

Deletia's heart seemed breaking, but she asked calmly—

"So you sail to-morrow?"

"Yes—at five o'clock."

"I hope you will have a good voyage."

"Thank you; there seems every chance of it."

This was getting terrible. Deletia made a supreme effort.

"Captain D'Eynecourt," she said—he could not see her face in the shadow of the myrtles, but her voice made him start oddly—"you should not leave England without paying all your debts."

"My debts, Miss Ormesby!"

She could see his look of surprise and felt as if she longed to turn and run from him; but she went on desperately.

"Yes, even your old ones. Don't you remember that you made me a promise years ago, when I was only a little girl, that morning at Ewehurst Chase, and you have never kept it? I kept my part of the bargain. I waited, and you did not come." Her voice had grown fainter and fainter, "Alured, don't you mean to keep it?"

"Miss Ormesby—Deletia, what does this mean?"

He had started forward, then checked himself, his hands half outstretched, his face full of a dawning wonder that would not trust itself to believe.

"It means—it means—oh, Alured must I absolutely give myself to you before you'll take me?" And, betwixt tears and laughter, she was in the arms that opened to receive her.

"Deletia darling!" was all his broken voice could utter; and for a moment she lay silent upon his heart.

"And I gave you something that day, Alured," she whispered—"something you said——"

"Yes—this, and this, and this!"

"And you won't despise me all my life—our life—for being bold and horrid and unwomanly? It was you who made me, because you wouldn't speak yourself. What will you think of me? What will you call me?"

"Call you?" he echoed. "What should I call you but what has been your name always, and always be, to the happy end, my heart's delight!"

[THE END.]

A PUBLIC RESERVOIR.—I saw an interesting sight while in Venice. Entering a little square shut in by high houses, and, like most Venetian squares, dominated by the unfinished facade of a time-stained church, I noticed a singular activity among the people. They were scurrying in from every alley, and hastening from every house door, with odd-shaped copper buckets on hook-ended wooden bows, and with little coils of rope. Old men and women, boys and girls, all gathered closely about a covered well kerb in the middle of the square; and still they hurried on, until they stood a dozen deep around it. Presently the church tower slowly struck eight, and a little old man forced his way through the crowd, passed his ponderous iron key through the lid, and unlocked the well.

There immediately ensued a scene of great activity. The kettles went jangling into it, and came slopping out again at an amazing rate, and the people truggled off home, each with a pair of them swung from the shoulder. The wells are deep cisterns, which are filled during the night, and it is out of amiable consideration for those who love their morning nap that they are given as good a chance as their neighbors of getting an unsoiled supply. It is the first instance that has come to my notice of a commendable municipal restraint upon the reprehensible practice of early rising. I found, on closer investigation, that the water was of excellent quality.

A RESIDENT of Irvington, New Jersey, lost a child last year, and the doctor who attended the little one during its illness was recently nominated a village trustee. The father of the child had taken a violent dislike to the doctor and tried by every means to defeat the candidate, and when he heard that the doctor had triumphed, he decorated his horse and dog with crape and drove through the streets, carrying an American flag at half mast.

WHAT?

BY F. D.

What does the bird, born in a gilded cage,
Know of the wild, sweet freedom of the air
Outside? the madd'ning thrill of boundless space,
Bound only by the heavens, blue and fair?

What does the child, whose life has never passed
Beyond the inland, narrow, small, unfree,
Know of the grand, calm, passionate, wild soul
That throbs in every movement of the sea?

What does the man born blind and deaf and dumb
Know of the sweet, strange secrets of the earth?
What do the mountains, standing stern and grim,
Know of the rapturous mystery of birth?

What does the woman, whose soft, silent lips
Have ne'er been pressed by kisses sweet as pain
And sad as joy—what knows she of a love
That all the storms of Time have never slain?

A Lucky Catch.

BY S. W. W.

WHEN Mrs. Spellert left Tripley Hall on the death of Squire Hervey—where she had been housekeeper some years before the following event took place—she retired to a small ivy-covered cottage at the end of the little village of Tripley, nearest to the Hall, which cottage belonged to the Squire, as did, in fact, all the village.

As she was allowed to live rent free, the Squire also gave permission to Mrs. Spellert to eke out her income by taking in as lodgers any respectable persons who came into the neighborhood for fishing and the like.

At the present time she had one lodger, who had, as he affirmed, come for the benefit of his health; and better still for her—as she was imparting to a neighbor who had dropped in for a cup of tea—her lodger had paid a month in advance—and such a pleasant gentleman too. The pity was, however, that he was deformed, he being a hunchback.

"Ay, poor man," returned Mrs. Miller, "it is a pity; but do you think he will stay any longer than the month?"

"Well," returned Mrs. Spellert, "he says if the place suits him he will, as he gets plenty of sport in his fishing."

Their conversation was cut short by the entry of the gentleman in question, who, on seeing Mrs. Spellert and her visitor rise, begged of them not to disturb themselves, and inquired of the landlady what time the mail left the village.

"Six o'clock, sir," was the answer.

"Thank you. That will do nicely," said Mr. Bosley, for such was his name; and passing through the kitchen, he limped upstairs to his bedroom, he being lame, in addition to his deformity. On arrival there, he quietly locked the door, drew the blind partially down, took off his smoke-colored spectacles, which was nothing extraordinary, then took off his coat, and with it his hump, which was extraordinary. He then removed his gray bread, which was also false; his limp, too, had disappeared; and he stood a complete metamorphosis from a man apparently about sixty years of age to one really about thirty.

"Phew!" he muttered; "these things swelter a fellow to death. One good job will be I shall soon have done with them. But now to business. What's about the time? Ha! five o'clock—just nice time to write to Jim before the old lady gets my tea ready."

What he writes will give us some insight into Mr. Thomas Bosley's character, and the reason of his visit to this out-of-the-way village of Tripley.

Sept. 28, 18—.

DEAR JIM.—All's serene, and everything has worked finely so far. The old lady I am staying with was housekeeper at the Hall, and so I have pumped her well as to the lay of the premises, the back part of which is only separted from this cottage by a thick fir plantation. So I paid a visit there last midnight, dropping quietly out of my room window when all was quiet; so, what with my landlady's garrulousness and my own natural inquisitiveness, I think I know the bearings of the place. We will commence operations at the back of the Hall, where I have made everything right. As we heard, there will be a large gathering of relatives and friends on a visit, to celebrate the son's tenth birthday on Saturday, when there will be a grand display of fireworks, which will be given well to the front of the Hall, for safety, from about half-past eight to ten, which must be our time to sail in. Mare and trap as usual. Tell Tom to make for Tripley, and be in the Downleigh lane not later than half-past nine. You must meet me on the old bridge at seven. More when I see you, as the post goes out so confoundedly early. Hope your arm is better and fit for work.

Yours, TOM.

The letter was sealed carefully; and then dressing himself for presentation to the outer world, he went downstairs and into the village postoffice.

The next day was spent in fishing; and in due course on Friday morning he received an answer to his letter. It was very brief:

"DEAR TOM.—Right you are: will be on the spot. Unfortunately, arm is still painful. Yours, JIM."

Mr. Bosley as he was having his tea on Saturday kindly informed Mrs. Spellert "that he should go and fish for an hour or so that evening; she need not, therefore, stay in on his account, but go to the fireworks with other people. He would get home when they were over." Mrs. Spellert was only too pleased, as everybody in the village intended going to see the display.

Mr. Bosley took his way toward the river about six o'clock with rod and creel; but when he got to the river-side he dropped these articles into a ditch hard by and proceeded to his appointment. Coming to the bridge where the road crossed the river, he saw a clerical looking man standing there, who, on seeing Mr. Bosley, came down the steps at the side to meet him. He carried a dark leather bag, and was evidently about fifty years old.

"Is all right, Jim?"

"Right as the mail, Tom."

"And now, my lad, I'll put you right as to the ins and outs of this job," said Mr. Bosley. "As I told you, the house must be cracked from the back. The Hall has been built at two different times, the back part as it now is having formerly been the old Hall. But when the present Squire married he made an addition to the front of the old mansion, then he cut a new road round the front of the new part. The old road is really, therefore, closed and very gloomy."

"Couldn't be better for us," interposed Jim.

"Moreover, I find," continued Mr. Bosley, "that when the old man died in the old part, the servants got it into their heads that the rooms were haunted; consequently, they are not used except for lumber. So my plan is this: all the village and the servants will be at the front of the Hall; so we will get into the plantation at the back, and as soon as the first rocket goes up, in we go, and in five minutes on the spoil."

"Any dogs?" queried Jim.

"Not at the back, anyway. You see, the old house was enclosed by a wall, which is still left, and the enclosure used as a kitchen garden, quite retired from the front. Now, we had better be moving over yonder."

The pair walked slowly on until they came to the road from which they were to commence operations, and were soon at the back of the Hall, and among the trees out of sight.

"What sort of lock is the outside?" asked Jim.

"Only an old-fashioned one," said Tom, "and the house door is no better."

The bag was now opened, and each man slipped on a pair of rubber shoes. The time was drawing on; so Tom moved across the road and cautiously but quickly, under the shelter of the overhanging ivy, turned a skeleton key in the lock. Jim was soon at his side; and after listening a moment, both went inside the door, which they then fastened by a piece of board.

"Door opens quietly enough," whispered Jim.

"I took the liberty to oil them all the night I visited here," was the ready answer.

The house door was next tried, and soon unlocked.

"Ha!" said Tom, "there goes half-past eight, and true to time, up goes the first rocket."

As he spoke, it whizzed skywards. Before the stick could have fallen, they were inside the old Hall; and as it was a dark autumnal evening, they lit their bull's-eyes, disclosing the Hall and the stairs.

"So far, so good, Jim, lad. Now up we go."

Up they went without the least sound; and were soon at the top of the landing. Here they turned through another door into what had evidently been the old Squire's bedroom. This room they now left by another door, which opened into a long passage, at the end of which was the dividing door between the old and new parts.

"Now for it," whispered Tom. "This is a snip!" (a locked door with the key left in on the opposite side).

An instrument like a fine pair of ladies' grooved curling-irons was produced, which he inserted into the keyhole, and gripping the end of the key firmly, he quietly turned it round and unlocked the door. Had any one on the other side seen the key turn so mysteriously, he might have imagined that of a truth the ghost was about to pay a visit.

In less than ten minutes from the time they opened the outer door, they stood in the new part of the house. Producing another bag from the interior of the one carried, they proceeded along the passage towards the front of the Hall, and took a room to the right for a commencement, which was evidently a ladies' room. They had scarcely entered, however, before the sound of quick footsteps was heard ascending the stairs. Jim suppressed an oath, his companion motioning in dumb show, both dropped behind a cheval glass which stood handy. Whoever was coming, was arrested on the stair by some one calling:

"Mary, bring Lady Trevor's wrap also, and be quick, or you will miss the next piece."

"Bother Lady Trevor!" ejaculated Mary, and in another instant she was in the room, came close to the cheval glass, and hurriedly snatched up what she wanted from a lounge in front, and ran downstairs again.

"Only a minute's delay," growled Jim; "but it perhaps means losing a ten-pound note.

They lost no further time, however, for any valuables that lay handy were swept into their capacious bags. Thus they proceeded through the different rooms with great celerity, proving they were not novices. If a drawer proved awkward, a little persuasion with a small jemmy soon gained an entry, the outside noise drowning theirs.

"This will be about the last room we can venture on, Tom," said his partner. "What's the time?"

"Just a quarter past nine. I think we had better make a move."

Looking through a corner of the window, they perceived there were four more pieces to let off in addition to the piece of the evening.

"Many happy returns of the day, Jim, my boy, they won't wish us many happy returns, when they find our little game out."

"Not exactly," said Jim with a grin.

They both slipped out of the room, when Tom stopped. "Jim, from the looks of the fireworks they have to let off, they will be a good hour yet. Are you with me to slip down the back stairs, just for a venture of ten minutes, and getting a bit of plate from the butler's pantry? I think I can spot it directly."

"In for a penny, in for a pound," replied Jim. "Down we go."

So, leaving the one bag in a recess, they slipped quickly downstairs, and guided by Tom, who had been enlightened by innocent Mrs. Spellert, soon were packing a goodly quantity of silver into the bag. They were just thinking of returning, when in the midst of their success they were seemingly to be thwarted, for they heard the outer door open and close, then some one came along the Hall directly for where they were. Jim put his mouth to the other's ear: "Lay hold quickly, if he comes in here!"

"He"—for it was Mr. Parker the fat apoplectic old butler—did come in, and to his astonishment he thought the door fell upon him, and he knew no more for the time being.

"We shall be nabbed yet; out with you!" ejaculated Tom, who, notwithstanding he had faced danger many times, felt his legs tremble a little. Just then the Hall clock went the quarter to ten.

The top stair was reached, the first bag taken from its recess, and in another minute they were once more in the Squire's room with a bolt slipped behind them. Here the old proverb was exemplified, "Much will have more," by Jim noticing the Squire's old-fashioned silver watch and seals, which were twisted round a nail with black ribbon near the bed. Jim thought he would have them, but could not very easily detach them from the nail.

"Don't be a fool," said; "we shall both be lagged." But Jim was stubborn, and after a minute's delay, snatched ribbon and nail altogether, and dropped it amongst the other valuables in the top of his bag, saying as he did so, "that it would weigh with the rest."

Tom fumed into an oath, and at that they proceeded downstairs, then outside, and stood once more in the lane.

"How far is it," inquired Jim, "to the other bridge?"

"A mile and a half quite, so best leg foremost," replied Tom.

They had proceeded about half the distance, when suddenly the Hall bell pealed out with a clang, clang through the still night air.

"There goes the signal," said Jim. "They must have found out our game, and my arm feels as if it had started to bleed again. It must be the weight. I am ready to drop the bag. What's to be done?"

Tom ground his teeth in vexation at this, and answering, said: "The police and every one else, now that they have heard that bell, will be coming this way for a short-cut; and these bags will create suspicion. The police station is not far from the bridge. We dare not turn back. As it is, we are bound to meet a dozen perhaps, including police. I have it. We will sink the swag here in the river; the water's deep, and we will fetch it later on, when things are quieter. Give me some wire, quick."

A ring of strong wire was quickly produced by Jim, then wound and twisted through the handles of the bags; both were then dropped gently into the water, the wire paid out until they touched bottom. The other end was then fastened round a willow stump partially under the water.

They sprang to their feet. "Now, Jim, when we meet any one, understand there's a fire at the Hall—the stables will do."

"Right," said Jim; and off they set at a good pace. They had left their spoils perhaps a hundred yards when the form of a policeman loomed up, and a laborer with him. He came up to them at a quick pace, and when he reached them, they could see he was a young beginner in the force.

"Is the sergeant at home, my man?" said Tom, with an officious air, acting as spokesman, which caused the policeman to touch his cap—"as the Squire asked us to run round and tell him that the stables were on fire."

"And I'm blest if I didn't think so, sir, as I was coming along my beat," was the policeman's reply. "It's them fireworks, I'll lay a crown." And added he: "You'll meet the sergeant; perhaps you'll tell him, sir; I must be off."

And off he accordingly went with his companion at a run. They met several farm-laborers, and passed them quickly on, with a laconic, "Stables on fire!" They were soon on the bridge, and there met the police sergeant face to face. Tom was even astute enough to send the sergeant after his man with the same tale.

Breathing freer, they soon put the remaining distance between them, and reaching the lane, gave the signal; and in a few minutes were in the trap and spinning away with Tripley far behind, and Jim almost in a faint with pain from a wound in his arm, the result of a previous midnight raid.

* * * * * *

Two days after these events, a long canal boat, similar to those seen any day passing along our inland canals, came slowly along the stretch of water by which Mr. Bosley and his companion had escaped. The boatman was taking his turn at the helm, his wife leading a sorry-looking nag, which towed the boat. He was thinking to himself of the many good fish he had taken from this particular stretch of water, and wishing he had the time for a spin at that moment. Turning his helm sharply at a slight bend, he heard a sudden swish, and a splendid pike, which had been sunning itself, dashed under the pollards which lined the opposite bank, leaving a miniature line of foam on the water.

He uttered an exclamation of astonishment and regret that he had not his boat-hook handy, to have struck it with. "Twenty pounds if it were an ounce," he gasped; and, forgetful of his helm, he turned, staring in astonishment at the spot they were slowly leaving, when he suddenly found himself running into the bank. "I should like a chance at that joker," thought he, as they arrived at the lock, he found they would have to wait until the wharf manager came from his dinner, as he wanted to see him.

"That means a good hour," said Sam

the boatman. "I'll try my luck."

Sam quickly got his rod and tackle and was soon on the spot. After a fruitless half hour, he began to think it would be of no use. "The beggar ought to be hereabouts," he grunted as he put on a fresh bait; when, at the end of another ten minutes, just as he thought he heard a hallos, swish, down went his float, and whir went the reel with tremendous velocity.

Sam's legs trembled for the moment; but though excited a little, he knew how to handle his fish. He spent a good half hour giving him plenty of line, and winding him whenever he got a chance, groaning in vexation that he had no one to give him a hand with the gaff hook.

Meanwhile, the wharf manager had grown impatient, and set out after Sam. As soon, however, as he reached him, he forgot to reprimand, and entering into the spirit of the sport, seized the gaff hook, and soon landed the fish.

"Egad, Sam, you're lucky to catch such a beauty. Look at his mouth; he's given somebody some sport—there's half-a-dozen hooks in it!"

"Hallo, Mr. Wills, what have you got there?" some one said at the moment; and looking up, the manager saw the Squire. He was equally surprised at Sam's splendid catch, and promptly offered him a sovereign for it, which was accepted. The Squire arranged that Sam should take the fish to the lock-keeper's, where he would send for it from the Hall.

After Sam's departure, the wharf manager inquired whether any further clue had been found as to the burglary.

"None whatever," answered the Squire, "beyond the fact that the two men who doubtless committed the robbery came this way, got to the bridge here, deluded the police, who identified one as a Mr. Besley, and after that disappeared, no doubt being disguised at the time."

The Squire now took his way back to the Hall; and when the pike arrived, ordered it to be packed in a hamper and forwarded to a noted firm in the city to be preserved and cased.

Two mornings later, the Squire sat at breakfast; most of his friends had departed, not more chagrined than he at the loss of the valuables. After the more important letters, he carelessly opened the letter of acknowledgment from the firm of taxidermists; but instead of the formal letter, his attention was riveted by the following:

October—, 18—.

SIR,—Pike received safely, and shall be returned as soon as finished. You will be surprised to learn that on opening the pike we found an old-fashioned silver watch and seals with ribbon attached. On examining it, which from appearance had not been in the stomach very long, we found your late father's name engraved inside. We have therefore forwarded it as we found it, per same post as this letter, trusting you will receive it safely.

Your obedient servants,
BELL & SWIFT.

The package was opened, and the watch identified at once.

"Now, however did the pike get hold of this!" was his exclamation, as he passed the letter to his wife.

She advised that Detective Vean, whom they knew as a clever officer, should be at once telegraphed for. And the suggestion was acted upon.

In a few hours he arrived, and all the facts were laid before him. It did not take him long to arrive at a decision.

"It's as plain as a pikestaff what this precious pair have done. They must have had something to put their plunder in—that is a certainty; but, according to the sergeant and other evidence, the two had nothing of the kind when they were met. Then it remains thus—the alarm came too quickly for them; they had no outlet but to keep straight on for the bridge; therefore, they have planted their booty until a convenient time. I propose, then, sir, seeing that the watch came from the river, to explore that first."

Having obtained the boat hook, he dropped it into the water, and walked slowly along, now and again catching it in a piece of river weed or a submerged willow twig. Thus they proceeded, and with a few such false alarms, were rewarded at length by the boat-hook catching the wire. Stooping down, and giving the hook to the Squire, he exclaimed, as he plunged his arm into the water: "I think we have got something solid this time."

Looking around to see that no one was about, he carefully drew up the wire until the bags were nearly at the surface; then, with the Squire's assistance, the two bags were laid on the path, one being partially open.

"That explains how Mr. Pike got hold of the watch, sir," laughed Detective Vean.

Running the water from the bags, and taking one each, they went back to the Hall, the detective begging the Squire not to mention a word to any one that he had recovered the valuables, not even to his friends whose property had been stolen.

"You see, sir, it won't hurt them to wait a little longer, as they will be sure of them eventually, though they don't know it; and I shall almost be sure to capture the thieves when they come for their booty. I will wait until dusk, and then plant those bags again with a few brick ends inside them instead of the valuables, and then set a watch."

Two days afterwards, the Squire was notified by the police that Mr. Besley and his associate Jim, who were disguised as farm-laborers, had the night before been the taken in act of putting the bags into their trap.

Detective Vean had done a good piece of work, and he was quite satisfied with that and the Squire's present of a fifty-pound note. He was further satisfied at the assizes, when the pair received sentences of twenty years each, they being old offenders.

The look of astonishment each offender gave was a study, when the facts of the pike and watch were given in evidence; and when they turned and left the dock, Jim's expression was: "Well, I'm blowed! A splendid job like that spoiled and us lagged for twenty years all through a blessed pike!"

ABOUT MARRIAGES.

As there is no subject in which more people are interested than marriage, seeing that nearly the whole male and female population of the world contemplate it at one time or another, a few curiosities of the marriage tie may prove interesting. Of those who have been a long time married there are not many instances on record though doubtless a careful enquiry would furnish numerous cases.

The greatest period covered by a marriage tie which I have been able to find is of recent date, and for aught I know to the contrary still continues. In 1888 a couple were living at the Hacienda of Rio Florida, Mexico, who had been married ninety-five years. The husband was one hundred and twenty and the wife one hundred and ten years of age. The owners of the Hacienda and the residents on the neighboring plantations were then looking forward with pleasure to giving this old couple many wedding presents on the hundredth anniversary of their marriage, which will be this year.

In 1880, at Moore, near Warrington, England, there resided a Darby and Joan, whose united ages totaled one hundred and seventy-two years, who had been married sixty years and had brought up a large family. They were both born in the district, and had occupied the same house half a century.

The first place in the list of those who have married early and married often must be taken by Lady Elizabeth Darcey, the daughter of Thomas Earl Rivers, on account of the curious coincidence attending her marriages. She was wooed by three suitors at the same time, and the knights, as in chivalry bound, were disposed to contest the prize in the customary manner.

This the lady peremptorily forbade, and promised in a jocular manner, if they had but patience, she would have them all three in their turn, and what is most remarkable she literally fulfilled her promise. First she married Sir George Trenchard, of Wolverton, who left her a widow at seventeen; secondly, Sir John Gage, of Firle; the thirdly, William Henry, of Highworth, the three original claimants for her hand.

More remarkable still is the case of a farmer in one of the northern counties, who one day took five young women in his cart to a religious service. After the drive and the service he became the husband of one of the ladies. She died, and when he was in search of a second wife he met another of those who had joined him in the drive. She was not averse to the match, and they were married. Like number one she did not live long, and in succession he married the third, fourth, and fifth of the young women. Whether he lived to place number five by the side of her companions is not recorded, and this is just where the story fails in its completeness.

There died at Florence, in 1708, Elizabeth Mase, who was led to the altar seven times and buried the whole of her partners. Her last venture was at seventy years of age. On her death-bed she recalled the good and bad points of each husband, and having weighed them impartially, expressed a desire to be buried by the side of her fifth husband.

An announcement in England in the same year stated that Mr. Silvertop was lately united at Newcastle to Mrs. Pearson. It was, says the announcement, "the third time the lady had been led to the altar in the character of a bride, and there has been something remarkable in each of her three connubial engagements. Her first husband was a Quaker, her second a Roman Catholic, and her third a Protestant of the Established Church. Each husband was twice her age. At sixteen she married a gentleman of thirty-two; at thirty she took one of sixty; and now at forty-two she is united to a gentleman of eighty-four."

A gentleman died at Bourdeaux, in 1772, who had led no fewer than sixteen ladies to the hymeneal altar.

The same year witnessed the nuptials of a lady, eighty-five years of age, who had espoused six husbands, with her seventh. This marriage took place at the church of St. Clement Dane, London.

Probably extremes meet more often in marriage than in any other undertaking in life. Particularly is this the case with regard to age—the mating of May and December being no uncommon occurrence. In these days, however, such occurrences are not blazoned forth as they were a century ago, and seekers after antiquities are perhaps apt to suppose they are less frequent than they used to be. Old newspapers and historical and chronological magazines are full of them, and it may not be uninteresting to note a few at the present time.

In Scotland, in the year 1749, a most extraordinary case of decrepitude and vigor being united occurred. The bridegroom, a noted old bachelor named William Hamilton, was so deformed as to be utterly unable to walk. His legs were drawn up to his ears, his arms were twisted backwards, and almost every member of his body was out of joint. Added to these peculiarities was the fact that he was eighty years of age, and had to be carried to church on men's shoulders. Nevertheless, a fair maid of only twenty-two summers had the courage to accompany him into the sacred edifice and pledge herself to love, honor, and obey him as long as life should last. In all probability there was some ulterior motive to be served, or this union would not have taken place. It is absurd to suppose that "sacred love" had anything to do with the marriage.

England can furnish instances of child marriages, not perhaps to any great extent, but as young as any to be found in Eastern countries, where such marriages are almost of daily occurrence. The youngest English bride on record is, beyond all doubt, a daughter of Sir William Brereton, who, in the sixteenth century, was united in the bonds of holy matrimony, when only two years of age, to a bridegroom who was only her senior by one year. In this case the children were carried into church, and their elders spoke for them. Subsequently, when the pair reached years of maturity, they ratified the strange tie. In this instance the object was to carry out a desire to unite property.

The daily and weekly newspapers are constantly recording curious combinations of names in the marriage columns, and those who study them will often be rewarded with something unique.

At Barnstaple and Chicago there once occurred the oddest collection of queer names it is possible to find. At Barnstaple, Rev. John Gates joined together for better or worse Mr. John Post to Miss Sarah Rails! At Chicago the knot was tied which bound Mr. Halter to Miss Rope in an indissoluble bond by the Rev. Mr. Knott! Surely such a marriage was fast bound!

A TEXTILE INVENTION.—A Hungarian inventor claims to have made a discovery which will revolutionize the textile industry. He asserts that he is able to spin ordinary wood pulp or cellulose into yarn, from which all sorts of textile tissues can be made in the ordinary way, equalling in appearance, durability and fastness of color the best cotton goods. The method is not only applicable to cellulose, but also to every sort of short fibrous material—for instance, rags, scraps of cotton and linen goods. The fibre, whether paper pulp or textile refuse, can be dyed before being spun into yarn, so that the dyeing of the woven material is not necessary.

Scientific and Useful.

PENCILS FOR GLASS.—To make pencils for writing on glass. Take beeswax, 2 oz., mutton suet, 3 oz., and stearic acid, 4 oz., melt all together, and add about 5 oz. of red lead, to which has been mixed a small portion of purified carbonate of potassa; stir all well together, then pour into hollow glass rods and let cool.

PLASTER OF PARIS.—If you have no picture moulding by which pictures can easily be suspended at any given point, do not stand with aching muscles until you are ready to drop from exhaustion trying to drive nails where they will not hold, but fill the broken plaster with a mixture of plaster of Paris, put the nail or hook through the centre of it, and hold it in place until the plaster sets.

USELESS IF STOLEN.—Among recent novelties is a tourist's umbrella which is unique owing to the fact that it is not liable to be stolen. It is made like the ordinary umbrella, except that the handle may be unscrewed and placed in the pocket. In the act of unscrewing it, however, the ribs are automatically locked together and cannot be reopened until the handle has been once more screwed in its place.

INDIA RUBBER.—One of the recent industries added to the already numerous manufactures carried on in Chemnitz, Saxony, is the production of curtains made of India rubber as the main ingredient. The material employed for this purpose consists of 75 per cent. of India rubber, 5 per cent. of wool dust, 5 per cent. of pulverized fruit stones, 10 per cent. of bleached amber varnish, and 5 per cent. of bleached leather waste, to these being also added, if deemed necessary, a quantity of infusorial earth. The various substances thus named are together worked up with bisulphide of carbon in the most perfect manner into a thick mass, and from this are rolled out thin leaves, which are capable of being decorated with the greatest variety of ornamental patterns, and several of these leaves are combined to form a curtain.

Farm and Garden.

MICE IN THE GRAIN CHEST.—If you are troubled about the grain chest with mice, watch for their holes and scatter a little copperas in them. A few grains will drive them away.

FLOWER PLOTS.—Flower plots can be rid of earth worms by pouring on the soil a warm decoction of wormwood and powdered horse-chestnuts. The worms will come to the surface and can be then removed.

SHEEP.—Sheep have two teeth in the centre of the jaw when they reach the age of one year, and they add two each year until five years old, when they have a "full mouth." After that the age cannot be told by the teeth.

SAVING.—"The hay-saver" is the name of a new and rather droll invention. It is described as being "a three-sided device, which enables the horse to insert his head into the manger, but does not permit any lateral movement of it."

TEMPTING TO EAT.—When cows or horses become somewhat dainty, and refuse their food, an entire change of the food will sometimes be better than medicine or condition powders. A mess of cooked carrots and ground oats will nearly always tempt them to eat.

GOURDS.—Gourds are susceptible of being transformed into beautiful house ornaments of real usefulness. Cut off carefully with a saw, after thoroughly drying they may be varnished, stained or painted and made into vases for cut or dried bouquets or into receptacles for pots of growing plants. The fact that they hold water makes them all the more valuable.

SOILS AND FERTILIZERS.—Soils are benefited by fertilizers in so many ways that good effects are noticed even when the apparently most inefficient substances are used. This is due to the fact that while a fertilizer may possess but little value as plant food it may exert a chemical effect on certain matters in the soil which renders them suitable for plant food. Combinations may be soluble when separate substances would otherwise be beyond the reach of crops.

CROUP IS QUICKLY RELIEVED, and Whooping Cough greatly helped, and its duration shortened by Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, the old family stand-by for Coughs and Colds, and all Lung or Throat affections.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 6, 1893.

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A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST.

They represent, in the highest and most perfect style of pictorial art, "COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA," of which the original is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y., and "THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS," original in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. These Pictures (size 21x28 inches each) are genuine oleographs in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

This latter mentioned picture is the reproduced model from which the new Columbian, United States 2-cent stamp was engraved. The stamp will give an idea of the figuring of the picture—although more than four hundred times smaller,—but nothing can convey an adequate notion of the beauty, variety and harmony of its magnificent coloring.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

Over Spilt Milk.

A good deal of plain common-sense is to be found in some of the homeliest of our proverbs; while others, that are far more elegantly worded, often fall very far short of the truth.

"There's no good crying over spilt milk;" and yet, though the futility of the proceeding is universally believed in theory, how very seldom does the practice coincide with the belief!

We spill our pails of milk over and over again, and, what is worse, we waste precious time in shedding idle tears over our loss!

How wise were those old Egyptians, if, as runs the legend, they magnified the indulgence of regret into one of the deadly sins, a feeling to be fought against and sternly repressed.

As this century rushes to its close, our lives are becoming more and more crowded; fresh interests, wider fields of knowledge, new questions have arisen in this our age to occupy our minds and thoughts.

Life's little day is all too short for the multifarious daily toils, joys, sorrows, matters of business, affairs of our own and others, and minor details which fill it to overflowing; and it is certainly too brief to allow us to sit with folded hands and tearful eyes brooding over the grave of bitter memories and a dead past.

As a great writer has so truly said: "Life is so far like the chase that it admits of but little leisure for hesitation, none whatever for regret. How should we ever get to the finish, if we must needs stop to pick up the fallen or to mourn for the dead?"

Our dear ones are taken from us, and with them seems to vanish also the sunshine from our lives. Earth's beauty and the countless charms of Nature only mock our bitter suffering, the flowers lose their fragrance, the zest of living goes from us, and grief casts its gloomy shadow on our path. In spite of all this, however, it will bring us no alleviation to encourage this state of things to continue; we must make an effort—a violent one, if needs be—to emerge from the darkness which at present threatens to obscure our whole horizon, for we cannot spend the rest of our lives in the gray twilight of a gentle sorrow.

It is not, however, only the loss of our nearest and dearest by death which brings into our lives the element of regret. There are the countless misunderstandings, the thoughts and words of bitterness and anger, which are always intensified in proportion to our love for the offender.

Most disastrous and unforeseen effects sometimes result from thus yielding to the mistaken impulse of the moment, and then—in sackcloth and ashes we regret those hasty words or rash actions which may have ruined two lives, and destroyed not only our own chances of happiness but another's as well. It is in these cases that the practical advice of the friendly proverb should force itself into the midst of our useless self-reproaches and sad reflections.

The milk is spilt, true enough, and by reason of our own carelessness, if nothing worse, but what good will it do us to cry over it? On the contrary, let its remembrance prove as a beacon in our path to warn us against similar dangers so that the next time we see the frail barque of our Happiness about to dash itself to pieces against the rocks, we may be able to bring it to a place of safety by the aid of the anchor of past experience and common-sense.

Besides the causes for regret there are constantly recurring pin-pricks of daily life, which are sometimes harder to bear patiently than a great sorrow demanding an heroic effort. We are always upsetting our milk-pails, and then sitting down to cry, instead of making the best of it. We make mistakes—who is there that does not? We lose opportunities either for our own advancement or for doing good to our friends. We make a fiasco of our business affairs; we enter into arrangements against the advice of others, and which afterwards repent; we form undesirable intimacies, from which we find it difficult to retire gracefully; we are extravagant, and run into debt—in fact, the number of ways in which we spill our milk is legion; but instead of mending matters, it is only adding to our folly to be for ever bemoaning it. If our regret makes us wiser for the future, well and good; but even then it must not be indulged in to a great extent; and we fear in most cases our tears have not even that excuse, for when they are dried, we usually set to work, repeating the spilling and crying process all over again!

GOD has laid upon us many severe trials in this world; but he has created labor for us, and all is compensated. Thanks to labor, the bitterest tears are dried; a serious consoler, it always promises less than it bestows; a pleasure unparalleled, it is still the salt of other pleasures. Everything abandons you—gaiety, wit, love—labor alone is always present, and the profound enjoyment it produces. Have I said enough? No; for to these privileges of labor we must add a greater yet: that it is like the sun—God has made it for the whole world.

SOCIETY is not only as we make it, but as we see it. It is not necessary to enter society and leave sincerity behind. There may be falseness and extravagance in social circles, but these are part and parcel of man's inherent weakness and to be met everywhere, in the Church, at the Bar, and in the teacher's sphere. But there is a vast array of brave, sturdy, intellectual men, of virtuous and graceful women, who hate deceits of all kind, and whose atmosphere is as sweet as crushed violets after rain.

STEADFASTLY set your face against needless delays in doing any work for the good of your fellow-men, or for your own edification. A dilatory spirit is one of the most delusive of all the temptations of the great destroyer. It purposes merely to postpone, perhaps for an hour or a day. It would shudder at the thought of final and utter neglect of what it thus defers. Do this very day and hour the duties which this hour and day demand.

HONEST acknowledgement of a specific offence is never exaggerated or overdone. It carries with it a pledge of truth and sincerity, and betokens the regret and desire for improvement of the one who utters it. If received in the same spirit, it will be one of the best safeguards of social peace and a steadfast promoter of social happiness.

CHILDHOOD has little retrospection; its heart and soul are in the future, which is a glorified dream. Memory, with all its pleasures and pains, is for the old, and chiefly for the prematurely old; but youth is a vision of the islands of the blest; it tells its own fairy tale to itself, and is at once the inventor and hero.

ESTIMATE actions not by their overt results merely, but by the real though latent power that is implied in them, and the most brilliant deeds of outward heroism will sometimes fall far short of those quiet victories over self, to which the Omniscient eye alone is witness.

THE greatest obstacle to being heroic is the doubt whether one may not be going to prove one's self a fool. The truest heroism is to resist the doubt; and the profoundest wisdom to know when it ought to be resisted, and when to be obeyed.

To know how bad you are, become poor; to know how bad other people are, become rich. Many a man thinks it is virtue that keeps him from turning rascal, when it is only a full stomach.

ALL the good things of this world are no further good to us than as they are of use; and whatever we may heap up to give to others, we enjoy only as much as we can use, and no more.

THE mind of childhood is the tenderest, holiest thing of earth. Let parents stand as watchers at the temple, lest any unclean thing should enter.

A MAN'S true wealth is the good he does in the world. Men may ask what he leaves behind, but God will ask what he sends before.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

A. J.—During the reign of Edward I., of England, rum was sold only as a medicine in apothecaries shops.

LILA.—Myrtle is considered especially appropriate for brides to wear, and this custom dates back to the days of the early Greeks and Romans. It is the legend that the Virgin Mary wore a crown of myrtle when she was married to Joseph.

CURSE.—It is said that the night before the fatal battle of Culloden, the Duke of Cumberland sent orders to General Campbell to give no quarter to the soldiers of the Pretender—that this order being despatched in great haste, happened to be written on a card, and that card the nine of diamonds; from which time and circumstance it has gone by the appellation of the Curse of Scotland.

L. V. S.—The emperor of Austria is still in possession of the iron crown of Lombardy. This crown is a large circle of gold set with precious stones. The sacred iron rim of the crown, from which it takes its name, was intended to protect the monarch in battle. The first Bonaparte, when crowned King of Italy at Milan in 1805, used this crown, saying: "God gives it to me; let him who touches it beware."

LEARNER.—Easter Island, which is in the eastern part of the Pacific Ocean, has been but rarely visited. It is distant about 2,300 miles from the coast of South America. It was discovered in 1773, by a Dutch navigator named Roggeneen, and was visited in 1774 by Cook. It is about eleven miles in length and six in width, and contains three extinct volcanoes of large size, rising to the height of 1,200 feet above the sea.

AMATEUR.—The camera was invented by an Italian named Baptista Porta, though it was not at first used for photographing. It was in reality merely a dark room, into which the light was admitted through a little round hole in one side. The rays of light coming from objects outside of this room entered it through this aperture, and made a picture on the other side of the room, glowing in all the beauty and color of nature itself, but rather indistinct and upside down.

JEANNETTE.—It is ill-bred and a sign of vulgarity to wear much jewelry in the street or while traveling. Elegant rings should only be displayed with elegant costumes, in the drawing-room. Jewelry set with precious stones should not be worn shopping, traveling, or upon every day occasions. They are for dress. A gold watch and chain, plain pin, and plain rings, are allowed alone, for traveling. If bracelets and earrings are worn they should be of the most modest style.

IGNORAMUS.—Shakespeare. The line is in Act iv., Scene 13, of his "Antony and Cleopatra." Antony having fallen on his sword, has been carried away by his guard, to a room in the palace of Cleopatra, and is dying in her presence. The queen says to him:—

"Quicken with kissing! had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out,"

and Antony replies between his gasps:—

"I am dying, Egypt, dying."

STORY.—Many historians now assert that "The Man in the Iron Mask" was Count Matthioli, a minister of Charles III., Duke of Mantua. According to the story, Louis XIV., of France, bribed Matthioli, but finding the latter played him false, lured him to the French frontier, and then had him secretly arrested and imprisoned. The mask was not of iron, but of black velvet. The fanciful stories of his wearing an iron mask, locked behind with a padlock, gained credence during his removal to the castle of Pignerol in 1679.

T. N. A.—Numerous examples may be cited of the extreme divisibility of matter. The 10th part of a grain of musk will continue for years to fill a room with its odoriferous particles, and at the end of that time will scarcely be diminished in weight. Blood is composed of red, flattened globules floating in a colorless liquid called serum. In man the diameter of one of these globules is less than the 3,500th part of an inch, and the drop of blood which might be suspended from the point of a needle would contain about a million of globules.

CAPTAIN.—Between the two great mountain ranges—the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains—comprehending portions of Utah, New Mexico, and California, is a region almost entirely destitute of rain. Throughout this region, whether the wind blows from the east or west, it has lost most of its vapor by passing over the mountains, and is therefore a dry air, having but little vapor to precipitate. So also on the east side of the Rocky Mountains, the prevalent winds being from the west, have lost their vapor by passing over the mountains, and the country is a barren desert, almost destitute of rain.

UNCLE.—The "three golden balls" still employed by pawnbrokers, have a curious history. They seem to have originated with a legend of St. Nicholas, who, on one occasion, threw three golden pieces into the open window of a poor man, or—for accounts differ—gave three purses to three poor virgins to enable them to marry. This St. Nicholas was the saint of the Lombards, who in the middle ages were the great financiers of Europe and were the precursors alike of the aristocratic bankers and of the much-abused pawnbrokers of modern days. The three purses of the good-natured saint, transformed into three golden balls, became the trading token of the Lombard money-changers, from whom they were in due course inherited by the pawnbrokers of the present time.

UNTIL THE EVENING.

BY A. T. B.

Tired with the daily toil for daily bread,
The spirit slaving for the body's needs,
The brain and nerve are dulled, and the heart bleeds
And breaks with grief of brooding thought unsaid.
Were we but born to labor and be fed?
To spend our souls in lowly, trivial deeds,
Mere sordid coin the crown of what succeeds?
Ah! yet press on, though with a fainting tread—
Till Evening ends our work and stills our cries.
Then we may find our lowness is our height,
Our crown, the tasks we wrought with sobbing breath;
As common things a sunset glorifies,
This life, at last, may robe itself in light
And stand transfigured at the touch of death.

The Shawmut Trestle.

BY W. A.

LLOYD FREEMAN, C. E., had just turned in for the night. Having turned in, he could not very well turn over; for his couch was not extensive in area, nor was it a bed of down by any means; briefly, it was a mere hammock swung from the rafters of a den about ten feet square.

This den was one of three cramped apartments which comprised the entire "barracks," the other two being dining-room and office respectively.

Upon the outer door of the barracks (for so had Lloyd Freeman, C. E., christened his headquarters) there was fastened, in striking contrast to its rude surroundings, a magnificent brass plate, upon which, in artistic letters, had been hammered the legend:

"Northern India and Afghanistan railway.
Office of
the Superintendent of Construction."

In the lower left-hand corner of this brazen sign could be deciphered, in very much smaller lettering, the words "John Smith, St. Mary Axe, E. C."—which showed conclusively that, like Lloyd Freeman C. E., the brass plate was not a product of the Himalayas.

However, this story is not designed to treat of the Himalayas, nor of the N. I. & A. Railway, beyond intimating to the reader that Mr. Freeman was at the period in question the designer, builder, and promoter of that stupendous piece of international engineering.

Lloyd Freeman, C. E., was at the head of his profession—or professions, for he combined civil engineering with splendid executive ability as a railroad manager—and was still on the youthful side of forty.

Though an Englishman by birth, he was a citizen of the world at large; for had he not constructed railroads within the shadow of the pyramids, and through Canadian snows? When a lad, had he not carried a surveyor's rod and line through Russia? And, to float and build the Northern India and Afghanistan Railway, had he not resigned the chairmanship of the Melbourne and Western Australia Trunk Line?

His last undertaking he proposed making the greatest of all his works, both in its execution and its results. The latter even His Excellency the Viceroy could foresee, and glowing words of praise from Calcutta secured from Her Majesty's Government a "C. B." for Lloyd Freeman.

But the decoration was now a year old, and for the same space of time operations on the N. I. & A. Railway had been practically at a standstill.

The Ameer was not so friendly towards the enterprise as he had at first been; consequently the stockholders were slow to advance payments on their shares, and capitalists who were not already committed fought shy of Lloyd Freeman, C. E., and his "colossal railroad folly," as they now dubbed the Afghanistan project.

As a natural sequence the great engineer and manager was discouraged, and was in squandary as to whether he should continue any longer with his company after the expiration of his two years' contract—an epoch which would arrive in less than a month. And yet Lloyd Freeman had many friends—men of influence and wealth—who believed him to be the greatest railroad man alive.

Freeman had just managed to forget his anxieties in a comfortable nap, when he was aroused by his servant, who re-lit the odorous oil-lamp, and then handed his master a telegram.

Usually telegrams received at night were laid aside till morning; but in this case the clerk, a trusted and well-paid young man, presumed upon his own judgment, and instructed the coolie to awaken his master at once. Freeman tore off the envelope, rubbed his eyes, and read as follows:

NEW YORK,
May 10th, 1890.

"LLOYD FREEMAN,
Headquarters, N. I. & A. Railway,
British India,
Via London and Aden.

"Our new road, the Chicago and North Pacific, will be completed and ready to operate in three months. We are looking for a general manager. It is a rough new country, and there will be plenty of hard work. Will you take hold? If so, name your own figure for a five years' contract, and say when you can come.

JAY VANDERGILD."

Now Jay Vandergild was the richest man in America and controlled more miles of railroad than any other one man in the entire world. This offer, therefore, meant a great opening for even so successful and well-known an expert as Lloyd Freeman, C. E. The Superintendent of Construction was perfectly aware that he would have to drop his "C.B.s," or even "K.C.B.s," counted for nothing alongside professional recognition, almost unlimited power, and a princely salary.

No. If he could honorably extricate himself from the N. I. & A. Railway enterprise, the C.B. might remain behind until he should again find himself within Her Britannic Majesty's dominions. So he dashed off the following telegram:

"THE EARL OF BOMBAY, K.S.I.,
Chairman, N. I. & A. Railway,
90 Old Broad Street, London.

"Two millions will be required at once to carry on one year's work. If not forthcoming, it will be useless for me to remain with the company.

LLOYD FREEMAN."

In forty-eight hours a reply arrived:

"LLOYD FREEMAN, C. E.

"Money market tight. Suspend operations and report to the company in London.

BOMBAY."

Upon receipt of which Mr. Freeman, with a light heart, penned the following:

"THE EARL OF BOMBAY, K.S.I.,
London.

"My contract with your company expires on the 31st. I shall not seek to renew it. Will report with books, papers, etc., by first steamer.

LLOYD FREEMAN."

"JAY VANDERGILD,
New York.

"I will accept the position, and see you in New York not later than August 1st. We can arrange terms, etc., then. Thanks for the offer. LLOYD FREEMAN."

* * * * * *

It was early in September when a special train pulled out of that great Western metropolis, Chicago, over the tracks of the new railroad, which was nearly completed.

This train consisted of an ordinary coach and the private car of Jay Vandergild, the railroad king and the financial backer and practical owner of the Chicago and North Pacific Railroad, drawn by a monster locomotive.

Within the boudoir car were Mr. Vandergild and his private secretary, Mr. Lloyd Freeman (without the C.B.), and a confidential telegraph operator, all of whom were embarking upon an inspection trip over the new railroad, preparatory to opening it up to the public under the management of Mr. Lloyd Freeman. As the Chicago and North Pacific was a trifling matter of two thousand four hundred miles in length, the members of the inspection party had a good week's work before them.

Nothing of particular interest occurred on this trip, except that they were joined at St. Paul by Mr. Medway Parker, the chief engineer. Mr. Parker was a good-natured clever little Yankee, who, in addition to the professional information he was able to impart to Chairman Vandergild and his new chief, enlivened the trip by his queer stories and dry humor.

Freeman took a liking to little Parker from the first, and the chief engineer felt that he need have no fears about the decapitation of his own official head.

On the round trip, Freeman and Parker left the train at Medicine Hat, a point which had been selected as the headquarters of the Chicago and North Pacific Railroad, for the simple reason that it was exactly midway between the terminus on the Pacific coast and Chicago.

Here Freeman was introduced by Mr. Vandergild to all the subordinate officials of the road, after which the millionaire bade his new general manager a formal farewell, purposely within the hearing of all the aforesaid subordinates.

"Mr. Freeman, I take pleasure in turning over to you this valuable property for your best efforts. You will have entire and absolute control; and as long as you fulfil your part of our contract you will have the unqualified support of the Board in New York. Good-bye, Mr. Freeman. Good-day, gentlemen."

The great man shook hands with Freeman, and made a sweeping wave of his hand in token of adieux to the others. Then he stepped aboard his palatial car and left Lloyd Freeman, General Manager, in supreme control.

Now, to a railroad official fresh from a trim London office, and used to the superb management and prime condition of an English railroad, the headquarters of the Chicago and North Pacific at Medicine Hat would undoubtedly have appeared crude and depressing in the extreme.

There was nought in sight but the car-shops, the locomotive sheds, and two or three rows of shanties (each one a precise duplicate of its neighbor) occupied by the railroad men. Yes, there was the depot a long, low, wooden, two-story building, the upper part of which provided offices for the general manager and other officials.

But Lloyd Freeman, having just arrived from the Afghan frontier of India, where his immediate surroundings were much more discouraging, and where he was five times the present distance from that great bugaboo of practical railroad men, "the Board," was not disposed to criticise the physical appearance of the little railroad settlement on the prairies, strangely christened Medicine Hat. He had seen property, reviewed the country which the railroad was to serve, knew just what resources he had to draw upon, and knew, best of all, that to develop the business of the road, ways and means would be provided as promptly as he should call for them.

Freeman speedily became acquainted with such subordinates as he wished to retain, and quickly appointed others to supersede those whom he felt he could not implicitly trust. And not only so. He resolved, at the outset at least, to interview and know personally every engine-driver, fireman, conductor, brakeman, switchman, bridge-tender, and section-man on the entire railway. It was a big job, but by degrees the general manager got through it.

On the 1st of October the Chicago and North Pacific was to be thrown open to the public, and the event was to be celebrated by a trip over the road, in a magnificent train, of the Governors of all the States and Territories through which the C. & N. P. passed.

On the last day of September Lloyd Freeman sat in his private office, not quite satisfied with the arrangements for the opening. Labor was not so plentiful in the far North-west, and there had just been some heavy rains, which rendered it necessary to carefully watch all rivers, creeks, and bridges.

The road was laid out, for walking purposes, into four divisions—two east and two west of Medicine Hat—each under a competent superintendent. It was the division immediately west of headquarters which it was most difficult to properly man, and it was the division, too, through which flowed most of the normally small streams which became dangerous after heavy rains.

"Telegraph to every station to put out a sign for bridge-tenders at good wages," said Freeman to his telegraph operator.

This was early in the morning. Late in the afternoon a clerk in the outer office brought the general manager a card, upon which the clerk had written the name of a caller. This was customary when, as was frequently the case, the caller knew nothing of reading or writing.

Freeman read the name on the card two or three times, but, the best he could make of it was: "Young-man-proud-of-his-horse."

"What's this, Saunders?" he asked of the clerk, "A joke or some crazy man?"

"Indian, sir," said Saunders, with a grin.

"Oh, well, show him in; but leave the door open, Saunders, for that sort of cattle smell rather strong as a rule."

In a moment the entrance was darkened by a gigantic figure which found it necessary to stoop to pass the doorway, and there stood before the general manager a red man in the prime of life, at least six feet six inches tall, magnificent in feathers, paint, and a gaudy blanket.

With arms folded and head erect, the Indian was solemn as a judge as he slowly explained the object of his call.

"Young—man—want—job."

"Oh," said Freeman, keenly eyeing his visitor. "That's the way the wind blows, is it? Well, 'young man,' what sort of a job would you like?"

Freeman was inclined to treat the incident as a joke, but the Indian never flinched nor changed his attitude as he replied, connecting his words with difficultly.

"Young man watch—watch bridge—watch creek—young man—he know flood—when flood come—young man watch—young man—want—job."

But Freeman shook his head.

"Look here, 'young man;' I don't want to hurt your feelings, but when there's any watching to be done I prefer white men. If I'm not greatly mistaken, you and yours require a good deal of watching yourselves. No, I can't employ you."

The Indian did not argue or whimper; he simply stalked out of the room as majestically as he had entered.

Down on the platform, however, he met Medway Parker, the chief engineer, who had on more than one occasion been able to make good use of Young-man-proud-of-his-horse. Parker had lived on the frontier among the Indians half his life, and knew the red man pretty well. He prided himself on the fact that he could distinguish a good honest Indian from deceitful trash. Parker knew better, too, than to waste his breath upon high flown Indian names.

"Hello, Slops!" he said cheerily. "You look down in the mouth. What's wrong?"

"Oh, well," said Parker, after listening to the Indian's story, "Mr. Freeman don't understand. You come with me." And the engineer trotted up to the general manager's office with "Young-man" at his heels.

"Mr. Freeman," Medway Parker said, "you have grievously disappointed a friend of mine."

"Not intentionally, Parker," replied the chief official, not noticing the Indian, who remained in the outer office.

"No, I judge not," answered Parker, with a smile. "You probably wouldn't think of me in connection with my old friend Slops!"

'Slops? Slops? I do not forget names, but"——

"There again, sir, you would not connect the name of 'Slops' with so patrician an Indian cognomen as 'Young-man-proud-of-his-horse.'"

"Oh!" exclaimed Freeman, as some light dawned upon him.

"Yes, sir; the fact is I have come up to put in a good word for Young-man, etc., whom we ordinary call Slops. He's a pretty good fellow, Mr. Freeman; trustworthy I have found him. I think you might trust him with a bridge."

"And the fact is, Parker, that I have no use for Indians, Hindus, Afghans, Chinese, Maori, or any kindred trash when there's any trusty work to be done."

"But, my dear sir"——

"No; listen, Parker. I have no wish to appear doubtful of your judgment, nor (as I told 'Young-man-and-his-horse') do I want to hurt the feelings of the black man or the red man any more than those of the white man. But I have had sad experience. I put a Maori in a signal box in Australia, and he got two trains trying to pass each other on the same line of rails with, I need hardly say, disastrous results. To humor a big Afghan landowner, I employed an Afghan as a pointsman, and the scoundrel got drunk and ditched a construction train. You must excuse me, Parker."

"Pardon my persistence, sir," said the engineer; "but I happen to know that poor old Slops is trying hard to keep out of mischief and gain an honest livelihood. That's a good deal to say of an Indian. If"——

"No, Parker, no. Not now of all times. Later on, something simpler may be found for your Indian friend—why, there he is in the next room. See here, Young-man!"

The Indian entered with the same firm step and erect head, the same stolid expression on his painted face.

"Mr. Parker, here, has been recommending you. I cannot consistently employ you as a bridge-tender, but I'll not forget you if something opens that you can fill satisfactorily. In the meantime, Young-man, accept this as a proof that I am acting from no ill-will."

Lloyd Freeman, who was good-hearted and generous clear to the core, tendered the Indian a five-dollar gold piece.

But Young-man-proud-of-his-horse shook his head and muttered, "Young-man—earn wages—want job." Then, as majestically as ever, he glided from the office.

This little episode soon got bruited among the railroad employees, who com-

mended the general manager for his good sense in refusing to employ "niggers and Injins when there's lots of honest, deserving white men." But later on, when Lloyd Freeman turned his attention to these white employees with a view to securing better discipline, these same deprecators of "niggers and Injins" forgot to speak so well of the chief official of the Chicago and North Pacific.

But Medway Parker, who hated to see a good Indian sent adrift, because he knew the last state of a red-skin who has once done civilized work and gets back to his old life is worse than the first, concocted a job on his own account for Slops. Parker gave him fifty dollars and told him to look up and buy for him a pair of Indian ponies, which Slops was to break in for driving in double harness for Parker's little nieces in the East. And, as carte-blanche in the matter of selecting and purchasing horses is the greatest compliment that one could well pay an Indian, Medway Parker won for himself the life-long gratitude of Young-man-proud-of-his-horses.

* * * * * *

By the employees of the Chicago and North Pacific, Lloyd Freeman soon came to be looked upon as a good deal of a martinet. Perhaps he was. But then Lloyd Freeman had gained his training and first experience as an official in England, where, as every one knows, the discipline on the railways is well-nigh perfect. He had topped off his experience by two years in India, where the methods of managing railroads are semi-military, and where all but a very few of the employees are as afraid of an official as a rabbit is of a poacher.

In the great West of America, Freeman found he had a very different lot of men to handle. They were not well-disciplined Englishmen, nor were they scared Hindus. They were free and independant citizens of the almighty United States, and they were "just as good as the next man, and a little better, you bet!" They were intelligent enough, goodness knows.

Freeman thought a large number of them knew a little too much for their own good, for the benefit of the railroad, and for his peace of mind. What these "birds-o'-freedom" objected to most was to be "called down" by Freeman for going on duty untidily attired or a minute or two late.

The locomotive firemen especially rebelled because Freeman insisted upon their having the bright parts of their engines at all times in "dress-parade" condition. The crisis came when the general manager issued an order in which he announced that he would hold the engine-drivers personally responsible for the proper attention of their respective firemen in the matter of keeping the engines bright and clean.

Mutterings of complaint became general all along the line, and when two or three of the engine-men had "walked the carpet" (that is, had stood upon the general manager's office carpet while that gentleman warned and admonished them) rebellious language became loud and frequent. Still, the men had a modicum of good sense, and the older ones admitted to themselves that Freeman's requirements were reasonable. They were receiving excellent wages, the best paid in the country, and they were aware that the business of the railroad was not yet remunerative.

Both old and young could plainly see that the general manager was as firm as a rock, and they well knew that he had the support of the New York financiers.

"Yer see, boys," said Hank Larrabee, a grizzled old Western railroader, "the old man's got sand, if he is a derned Britisher, an' don't yer forget it! He's a stayer from 'way-back, an' if they's any pushin' ter be done, yer kin bet yer last pair o' socks Freeman'll do the pushin'! My ways ain't the old man's ways, but, mark my words, we might as well came ter Freeman's time first as last."

Which last remark of Mr. Larrabee's was as true as gospel, and the chances are that the men would have taken the old engine-driver's advice, if an unlooked-for disturber of the peace had not arrived upon the scene.

It was in the cold weather, a little before Christmas, and Lloyd Freeman was in the bustling Pacific coast town of Portland, Oregon. His business was over for the day, and he was strolling along the brilliantly lighted streets of the town, gazing in the gay windows of the stores, if haply he might find some little knick-knacks which might serve as Christmas gifts for the officials who had so far loyally supported him in his onerous duties.

Freeman was looking in a jeweler's store window, when he became aware that another person was doing likewise. Once or twice this other person brushed quite closely against Freeman, but our friend supposed the movement accidental, and did not take his eyes from the window.

When at last, however, the stranger, shoved Freeman so violently that he had to take a step to prevent a tumble through the window, the general manager turned quickly round with an exclamation of surprise.

"Ah! Don't quite relish the idea of being crowded, do you?" asked the man, who was just a little too massive in his build and too coarse-featured to be handsome.

"As there is ample room for both of us, sir," replied Freeman haughtily, "I shall be obliged if you will not stand quite so close to me."

As he spoke, Freeman closely scrutinized the man, whose appearance was just a trifle familiar, yet who was so well wrapped in a rich heavy coat well-trimmed with fur, that he might have been either friend or enemy in disguise.

"Trying to place me, ain't you?" asked the fellow, with a leer, divining Freeman's thoughts. "Well, I'll assist you. You didn't like being jostled a little bit, did you, Mr. Lloyd Freeman? No. But four years ago you crowded a poor wretch to the wall when he was trying to make a fresh start, just because he felt good over a sup of liquor. Do you mind, Mr. Lloyd Freeman?"

"Bibb? Michael Bibb?" exclaimed the manager with some surprise. He recognized the man now, though he had last seen him in the West Australian bush.

"No, not Michael Bibb, either! This is a free country, thank heaven! A man is at liberty to change his name if he sees fit. Michael Bibb expired in Australia; and the man who landed in San Francisco with a few thousands of the yellow in his grip-sack is Mr. Demuth—mind that. And bear this in mind also: Robert Demuth, Esquire, don't have to carry a darned ticket-of-leave—do you understand?"

Quietly, to avoid a scene upon the street, Freeman had led the way to a darker side-street.

"Now, look here, Mr. Demuth," said he, humoring the fellow in the matter of his name, "You go your way, and I'll go mine. I bear you no ill-will; and if you will not annoy me, I pledge you my honor that not a word will I breathe to do you hurt. Why prolong this conversation? Good-night."

"No, that won't do," said Demuth, no Bibb. "I'm going to say my say. You don't want to hurt me, eh? Great Heaven! You hurt me enough, didn't you?"

"Why go over that old ground, man? I gave you every chance over yonder. I know very well when I employed you that you had escaped from Freemantle. Yet I gave you a good job, and trusted you, until you took to whisky and began to raise Cain by disaffecting the other workmen. Even then I tried to reason with you; but when you went too far, and imperilled the company's property and the lives of the passengers, I had no option but to turn you over to the police. Now, man, leave the past alone. If you have made a fresh start and are doing well, I am glad of it. Don't try to see me, for it only excited you. You are excited now."

"Excited? Yes, by thunder! And you will be excited, Mr. Lloyd Freeman, before I get through with you. I'm rich now, I tell you, and in shape to pay off old scores. I'll take you at your word and keep out of your path—but you'll hear from me, darn you! You'll hear from me."

For the rest of that evening Freeman was somewhat upset; but when, three days later, he returned to Medicine Hat, the general manager had almost forgotten his encounter with Michael Bibb in the streets of Portland.

Yet, when, on New Year's Eve, the startling news that nearly every engineer and fireman, as well as several of the other employees, had struck work, reached the ears of Lloyd Freeman, the chief executive of the Chicago and North Pacific could not help connecting the unfortunate occurrence with the ex-Australian convict.

* * * * * *

By much effort, and chiefly by the promise to arrange and adhere to a fast-time schedule, Freeman had secured a year's contract with the Government to transport the United States mails between Chicago and the cities of Oregon.

The contract took effect on the first day of January, when a mail-train must leave Portland. Early in the morning of the third day both trains would be due to pass each other at Medicine Hat.

On the night of December the 31st the officials did not know where to lay their hands on more than half-a-dozen loyal engine crews. It would require at least twenty to work the mail-service alone.

Behind closed doors, Lloyd Freeman held a consultation with his subordinate chiefs, while the confidential telegraph operator kept the wires warm sending and taking messages to and from the division superintendents.

"Gentlemen," said Freeman—and he was the coolest man in the room—"we must run the mail-trains. Not only do we forfeit the year's contract by failing in one day's service, but the prestige and honor of this railroad are at stake. I must take time to think over future methods and of the attitude which we will permanently take towards the strikers. For the present our entire energies must be devoted to the mails. I find we can count upon seven loyal engine crews. The four superintendents have volunteered to man engines and to find firemen to help them. Our Locomotive Superintendents, Mr. Scott, says he will take the East-bound train out of this station. I ask none of my colleagues to go where I will not go myself. I will take the West-bound run from Medicine Hat. The strikers dare not interfere with the mail-trains, for the whole power and force of the United States Government will guarantee their safe running. The telegraph operators and station agents are loyal. We will all do our best, and we must succeed!"

At four o'clock in the morning of January the 3d, two monster locomotives, attached to each of which were three huge mail-cars, puffed and snorted into the depot at Medicine Hat. Notwithstanding the unfortunate strike, each of these trains had successfully traveled over twelve hundred miles of rough track through some of the dirtest weather in winter. But they were right "on time," and Lloyd Freeman felt elated as he knew that one-half of this most difficult task was accomplished.

The two trusty engines, coated thickly with frozen snow, rain, and mud, were quickly detached from the trains of mail-cars, and fresh hissing and throbbing monsters took their places. Freeman stood on the platform and wished Locomotive Superintendent Scott "good luck" as that official pulled out with the East-bound train; then he himself mounted the engine headed for the West, where Medway Parker, who was to act as fireman, had already taken his place.

Lloyd Freeman was no greenhorn at the lever and throttle. He was a finished expert; and a master-hand controlled that magnificent piece of mechanism, as the hundred-ton engine slowly steamed out through the intricate maze of tracks which form the "yard" at Medicine Hat.

The general manager had gathered some varied and curious experience in his lifetime, but this was the toughest job he had ever tackled. The morning was dark as pitch, although it was after four A. M. when they started out, and it would be dark until seven. It had rained all the previous day, but toward midnight snow and frost had taken the place of rain. Now the weather appeared to be moderating slightly, and rain and sleet, aided by a driving wind; assisted the intense darkness in making it a night to be remembered.

Freeman and Parker were to take the train two hundred and twenty miles, and a stop must be made about half-way for water. They were able to run swiftly and somewhat recklessly, owing to the fact that the strike prevented other trains from being in the way; like the Western roads, the C. & N. P. consisted of a single track only.

For more than two hours the men exchanged scarcely a word; they needed all their breath to face the weather, from which the engine cab only partially sheltered them. As for Parker, he was busy enough shovelling coal into the furnace.

About half-past six Parker, leaned upon his shovel, consulted his watch, leaned his head out of the cab, and then put his mouth to Freeman's ear.

"Don't forget to slow up for Shawmut Trestle," he said. "I calculate we'll strike it inside of ten minutes. It's two miles long, and such devil's weather as this makes it a ticklish place to cross at high speed."

Freeman nodded his head. He knew Shawmut Trestle to be a lofty wooden viaduct, build over a deep gulch. Turning to Parker, he said: "What are your standing orders to engine-drivers?"

"Ten miles an hour over the trestle," was the reply.

Again Freeman nodded his head.

"I'll not forget," he said.

Lloyd Freeman grasped the lever tightly with his left hand, threw back the glass slide in the side of the cab, pulled his fur cap down over his ears, and thrust his head out into the night, which was just commencing to disappear.

About three minutes later Parker was nearly thrown from his feet as Freeman pushed the lever over with a jerk and shouted, "Brakes!"

Quick as lightning, Parker put down the Westinghouse brake, which acted upon the entire train, and then both men, one on each side of the engine, leaned out as far as they could reach.

What they saw (and it all happened in a moment or two) was a hand-car approaching along the track, a hundred or two of yards ahead of them, upon which stood a man working the car with one hand, and frantically waving a red lantern with the other.

On rushed the engine (slowing up, oh, so slow!), every quarter-second bearing down more closely upon the man on the hand-car, who seemed utterly oblivious to his possible fate.

Freeman sounded the whistle once—twice—thrice; and then both men on the engine yelled like maniacs.

But even in that brief time and space the man on the hand-car was saved from being crushed to death by the giant locomotive.

Saved? Yes, by a bullet; for Medway Parker's quick eye saw, from his side of the track, a shot fired; and Lloyd Freeman noted the sudden fall of the tall figure on the hand-car. But Medway Parker was not only quick with his eye; he was an old frontiersman, and his pistol hand was (as in enemies had often remarked) liked greased lightning. He took in the whole situation in an instant. The man on the hand-car was killed for warning them of some unseen danger. From Parker's revolver sped a bullet which dealt summary and irrevocable vengeance.

When the train was brought to a stand-still, the cow-catcher of the engine touching the little four-wheeled trolly, Lloyd Freeman and Medway Parker gently lifted from the hand-car a dead Indian. It was Young-man-proud-of-his-horses, otherwise "poor old Slops."

And by the side of the faithful red-skin they laid the corpse of Mr. Demuth, known in the convict settlement of Freemantle, Western Australia, as K. 644, formerly Michael Bibb.

* * * * * *

That morning the North Pacific Mail was delayed two hours, while Parker, with some Indian help, relaid seven or eight rails that had been removed from the Shawmut Trestle.

The Ethics of Food.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

SOON after our marriage, my wife, who is somewhat of a stickler for hygiene, found the advertisement of a course of lectures on the Ethics of Food under our knocker, and brought it in to me.

"George dear, isn't it fortunate? You know you were telling me the other day that disease is often communicated by food—and here's the very thing we want. A course of six Lectures on the Something or other of Food; only a guinea the course, and by Professor Spatling too. Don't you think, as you're always so busy writing, I'd better go and see what the lectures are like? It'll be so useful to know what one is eating."

The only occasion on which I had spoken on the subject at all was one Sunday afternoon, when I had read from the British Weekly a question from a correspondent, "Whether tomatoes were ever the cause of cancer?" and had remarked on the improbability of such an event. But then I was newly married, and unused to the ways of woman, or possibly unduly tolerant; so I made only a faint murmur at "the expense."

"Expense? But wouldn't it be false economy to study that when our health is concerned? Why, we don't know what suffering and disease we may escape by taking a little care."

Well, the long and the short of it was that my wife was present at the lecture, while I remained by the fireside to thump out on my type-writer an article for the Olympian Review. I became so absorbed in this, that when a gust of cool air blew into the room, and my wife, with the usual outdoor smell that one notices in winter

about her clothes, came in, it seemed but a few minutes since she had left me.

"Oh, George dear, I am so glad I saw that handbill. It's so providential; for if I hadn't gone to-night, goodness only knows what might have happened!"

"What on earth do you mean, love?"

My wife was too agitated to answer, but went into the next room and rang the bell for Pauline. As a matter of fact, Pauline's kitchen is almost as near as the next room, and she might have called her much more easily than by ringing the one perfect bell that we possess. But the principle of style was involved; and to that my wife is ready to sacrifice any amount of personal comfort.

Pauline, after repeated tinklings, "came up smiling" from a novelette she had just been reading. Pauline is a good girl with a character, which some day I intend to work into a novel. But that, as Mr. Kipling would probably say, is quite another story.

"Pauline," said her mistress, "take that meat away." The table was already laid for supper, and I attempted a feeble protest against having my meal spirited away thus before my eyes. But my wife was determined, and said: "Do you know, George, what the consequence of our eating meat may be? It's quite possible that we may go into consumption. Professor Spotling says that meat is a prolific cause of consumption, owing to the capacity of animals to contract that disease. The 'bacillus,' or whatever you call those horrid little insects, get from the meat into our systems, and do the mischief. Jews are much freer from consumption than we are, solely owing to the fact that their food is always rigidly inspected by the rabbis before being used"——

"For human consumption," I suggested jocularly. But my wife was very much in earnest.

"Then those pickles, too. Pickles are simply poisonous. Sulphate of copper is largely used in their manufacture, accounting for their bright green colors. You can give the beef and pickles to Mrs. Prigge to-morrow, Pauline, to take home to the children."

"My dear," I ventured to suggest, "if those are to disseminate the germs of consumption and to poison their recipients, do you think it quite the thing"——

I was going to say, "to give them to our washerwoman;" but a vision of mother-in-law flitted across my brain, and I was about to suggest that her mother might be glad of them, when my wife continued: "Then that bacon—everybody who eats bacon gets trichinosis. And you know you said yourself, George dear, that tomatoes brought on cancer."

"But my love," I ventured mildly to suggest, "if we mayn't eat meat of any kind, or tomatoes, or pickles, what on earth is there left to live on?"

"Oh, heaps of things—eggs, fish, poultry, vegetables, everything almost. And I am sure it wouldn't be right to fly in the face of Providence after Professor Spatling's lecture."

So for the next week we were living on eggs, vegetables, and fish; and by the time of the second lecture were rather longing for a change of diet.

Pauline had just laid our supper, oysters and sardines, eggs, pastry and cheese, when my life returned, tearfully anxious.

"George, darling, do you—have you—are there any—any spots about you?"

I said I had no doubt I could oblige her, but could not tell with any certainty. But she was evidently severely serious.

"Please, don't joke, George dear; it's a matter of life or death. Do run up-stairs and see before it is too late."

So finally, after useless protests, I was sent up to my bedroom with pencil and paper to report on the appearance and location of any "spots" I might happen to possess.

"Oh, I'm so thankful," said my wife when she was told that but a few pimples that had existed long before the era of food lectures, my skin had a clean bill of health. "I am glad that our folly has not, up to the present, had any serious consequences. Dr. Hutchinson, the greatest surgeon in England, says Professor Spatling, has proved conclusively that leprosy is solely caused by eating too much fish; coast-districts are always the parts principally affected. Norway, the only European country where leprosy flourishes to any considerable extent, finds in fish its staple food. And oysters—oysters for supper! Good gracious, George, how could you be so foolish!"

"Pauline brought them in," I explained feebly, and rather meanly. Of course, I had given Pauline the money.

"I suppose you don't really want to get rid of me, George? I suppose you have not got them with the deliberate intention of giving me blood-poisoning or typhoid fever? Yet surely you ought to know that Thames oysters always—— You haven't any pains about the—the breast, have you George?"

When I had satisfied my wife on this point, she went over her notes of the lecture, and one by one knocked most of the principal articles off our bill of fare. To cut his lectures into one, week after week she did the same, terribly agitated about the ill effects resulting from this or that article of food, and in mortal fear lest, through our ignorance of the laws of healthy dietetics, typhoid or some other dire complaint should carry us off before the conclusion of the course of lectures.

"It is a comfort to have one's eyes open at last," she said time after time, as this disease or that frightened her nearly out of her senses by being caused by some corresponding article of diet. After a while she began to take a melancholy interest in discovering fresh facts and arguments, showing some new association of eating and ill-health; and her time was principally spent in comparing the Cookery-book with the Dictionary of Diseases. Pastry was knocked off as bad for the digestion; sugar in any form produced diabetes; jam was simply turnip poisonously colored; tinned provisions were notoriously dangerous; while any one with sense and a natural desire for good wind and breathing apparatus would avoid cheese like a pestilence. Then butter, according to a medical journal, was known to carry the germs of consumption; eggs were responsible for serious derangements of the liver, and vegetables meant cholera at the very least.

I bore up as best I could under these deprivations, thinking it wise to humor my wife while the fit lasted; and consoled myself in the meantime with the pipe and drinks that had not yet been taken away. But their day was at hand. A special lecture was devoted to these subjects; and immediately after, the corner of my mouth was violently seized and examined by my wife for signs of cancer; blindness was threatened unless tobacco was instantly relinquished; and as for drinks—well, with typhoid caused by milk, gout by beer, loss of nerve-power by tea and coffee, and fatty degeneration by cocoa, not to speak of indigestion and sundry other evils, a man would be criminal indeed to run such risk.

For the last week I have been living on bread-and-water and haricots, and even these were not obtained without a struggle. Haricots were conceded doubtfully, with a pensive statement that "perhaps it might not do harm, and haricots were certainly very nutritious;" so that since then, this white, fatty, insipid vegetable has made its way to the table in every conceivable form and on every conceivable occasion. Water, my wife thought, we should be better without; the Professor had said "the less one drinks the better;" and it certainly follows that if one does not drink at all, a condition of perfect health is likely to be attained. With regard to bread, its properties are so fattening, that my wife, who has a slight tendency to "embonpoint," and whom I once discovered running surreptitiously up and down stairs with the object of reducing her weight, called upon me on those grounds to relinquish its use, reminding me that, as Byron used vinegar for this worthy object, so ought I to deny myself a little for the sake of health, economy, and above all, as a literary man, the preservation of a poetical and professional appearance. Here, however, I put my foot down, and she did not insist.

To-morrow is the last lecture, and then, after acting for a week or so the part of Sneed or of Tanner, we shall probably resume our usual reckless habits. I ventured to remark just now to my wife that our bill of fare was assuming rather narrow limits, and that the morrow's lecture would probably deprive us of even our remaining food. She smiled assent, but then said encouragingly: "How healthy it will be, though! How perfectly charming to know of one's immunity from disease!"

PLAGIARISM does not often meet the reward recently meted out to it in Germany. Prof. Herman Thom, of Berlin, recently dedicated to the Kaiser a hymn of labor, a very beautifully thing, full of patriotic sentiments. It was greatly admired, and the gratified Kaiser and several members of the royal family rewarded the professor with liberal presents of cash. It has lately come to light that Thom stole the hymn bodily from an ancient book of poetry, and he has been arrested and sent to goal.

DODGES TO OBTAIN REWARDS.

There is a funny story concerning the notice boards formerly exhibited on the banks of the Thames offering a reward of £5 for such "information as would lead to the conviction" of rat-catchers. One day an Irishman was caught, and in due course was offered a choice between paying £10 and going to prison for a month. Having no money, Pat went into retirement. But the following morning he was released, through the kindness of one of his compatriots, who visited the prison and paid the fine.

The governor, who had been in court the previous day, was astounded to recognize in the liberator the informant and principal witness against the rat-catcher.

"Well," said Pat, when asked for an explanation, "Tim and meself were hard up, and, seein' the notice, Tim agreed to be caught. I gave information against him, and I drawed the money this morning, and now ye're paid we've three pounds left to start the world wid."

This incident is, as a whole, quite unique; but analogous dodges are fairly common. One is to take to a lady, not the diamond ring or bracelet which she has lost, and for which she has offered a liberal reward, but a careful facsimile of it in pinchbeck and paste, made from the description in the advertisement. The lady must, however, be out when the "finder" calls.

Then there is a police dodge of returning articles they may find through a second person. A1 picks up a brooch for which a reward of £25 is offered—this is an actual case in point—and hands it to a friend, who takes it to the owner. The result is that the officer, by sharing the reward, is so much richer that he would have been if he had simply done his duty.

Here is another real instance. A policeman finds a valuable lost dog, about which the owner had spoken to him; but, instead of returning it, takes it to a friend, who keeps it until a reward is offered, and then leads it home. By this simple device each of the two parties pockets a sovereign. To the credit of the force be it said, however, such cases are exceptional.

The methods of professional dog-stealers are well known. But for rewards his occupation would be gone. A case of canine "sifting," in which all the operators were amateurs, is, however, so much out of the common as to be worth the telling.

A man stole a dog belonging to one of his neighbors, kept it for a week, and then passed it to a friend living about three miles away. The owner had meanwhile offered £5 reward for his "lost" pet a sum which the thief thought insufficient. A little later, however, he told the dog's master that he had seen the animal at the house of the friend in question.

The owner accordingly went there. Yes, they had had a dog answering to the description given, but had sold it to a man in an adjacent town. This individual, when confronted by the owner, produced a receipt, saying that he had honestly bought the dog and paid for it, and that he would not part with it for less than he'd paid. In the end the swindled man, rather than lose his pet, paid this sum, which the three rascals divided.

Despicable as all practices of this kind necessarily are, none can raise the gorge more than a base trick which took place at a convict prison. A man who lived in a Hampshire village was always treated very coldly by his neighbors, was also invariably prefixed the epithet "Blood" to his name when they had to mention it. Asking the reason, the writer was told a very strange story.

The man had been a warder at Portland Prison, where a convict who wished to escape had invoked his aid. He and another warder agreed to assist him for a certain sum; but, somehow, they betrayed the miserable wretch, and the shunned ex-warder took him back to the prison and pocketed the "blood money"—the reward—which is given to anybody who captures an escaped convict. When the man "retired" the odium of this transaction, which then became known, clung to him, as it was only fitting it should do.

In many districts of Northern China organized robbery is the regular winter employment of so large a proportion of the people that travelers are forced to avoid these regions, it is said. Robbers prey upon the people of the country as well as upon travelers. In many places families are obliged to have one member sit up all night with a light to discourage the thieves from attack, but the robbers are so well organized that in many instances they beset and overpower the watchers.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Professor Koch's experiments with bacteriological remedies for consumption have almost reached a point where he can make a definite claim of results which were prematurely asserted three years ago. Professor Scaglione, of Paris, quotes Dr. Koch as saying that the liquid which he has produced in his laboratory shows marvellous efficacy in overcoming tuberculosis. He administers the remedy by inhalation, not by injection, as in the case of the lymph, which gave him world-wide fame a few years ago.

Italy expends every year $60,000,000 for her soldiers and less than $4,000,000 for schools. In Spain it costs $100,000,000 to maintain the army and only $1,500,000 to educate the children; but then it is the exception to find a Spanish farmer who is able to read or write. Germany boasts of being in the foremost rank among the nations in the Kulturkampf of the world; yet she expends $185,000,000 on her army, while $10,000,000 is deemed sufficient for the education of her children. France maintains an army at an expense of $161,000,000, and supports her schools with $21,000,000. The United States expend $110,000,000 for public schools, while the army and navy cost only $64,000,000.

The electrical process for the artificial manufacture of diamonds, by which some perfect though minute stones have been made, is described as follows: About 200 grammes of a mixture of cast iron and carbonized sugar is placed in a crucible of carbon resting in a bed of magnesia, the whole being placed in a specially designed furnace heated by an electric arc to about 3000 degrees centigrade. After five or six minutes' subjection to this intense heat the crucible and its contents are plunged very quickly into cold water. The interior is thus subjected to high pressure, which solidifies the carbon. On dissolving the metal with acid a number of very small diamonds are found.

In an opinion just rendered by the United States Supreme Court Mr. Justice Field corrects a District Attorney for having, in his pleading, referred to the United States in the singular number. Mr. Justice Field justifies this criticism by pointing out that both before and since the civil war the Constitution designates the United States in the plural number. Article 3, Section 3, declares that treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort, and Article 13, adopted since the war, declares that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist in the United States, or in any place subject to their jurisdiction. Here is an interesting lesson in grammar expounded by a competent authority.

The great reason why housework is repugnant to self respect Americans is not so much on account of the work itself, for other kinds of labor are hard and monotonous, but on account of the conditions under which it is performed. The single domestic lacks society; she is isolated from the family life and she can never call any time her own. Girls will work all day amid the steam of a laundry, the fumes of a factory, the bad air of a sewing room, because they have companionship, their hours are defined and they are their own mistresses when the day's work is done. It is impossible to have these conditions in domestic service except in very wealthy families, and there the workers must be branded as servants. As there is every probability that house wages will go higher rather than lower, and as the girls will not come to the houses, the houses must go to the girls.

Ammonia will brighten the colors of carpets. Wring out a cloth wet in a gallon of water in which a little ammonia has been poured, and wipe up the carpet with it. It will also clean brass, paintings and chromos.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm

[illegible] Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials sent free

Our Young Folks.

SUCH A TERRIBLE WALK!

BY NIKILA.

CHIP was quite the most favorite of all the pet dogs which we have ever possessed. It is many long years since he was laid to his rest; but I have never forgotten him; I fancy I can see him still.

Chip's mother was Nip, as pretty a little white fox-terrier as you can wish to see, with one black ear and eye. In early youth Chip was very like her, and we hoped he was going to equal her after rats and cats; hence the name we gave him—a chip of the old block, don't you see?

In character, Chip did indeed resemble his maternal relative, but in appearance, alas! he fell short of her beauty. Chip's legs would insist on growing long after they ought to have stopped, and he grew tall and leggy, by no means of the proper fox-terrier proportions.

But we loved him none the less, for he was given to us when quite a puppy for our "very own"; and you, my little readers, know how much those words mean.

As time went on Chip was united to our affections still closer by the bond of a terrible danger we all three shared together, of which this is the story.

Who were we? Chip having been introduced first, as the most important, it only remains to explain that the others were Reggie and myself.

Our papa was an English official in India, who had to spend quite half the year marching about from place to place in a very wild, scantily populated district, looking after the forests with which it is chiefly covered.

For the forests of India are very necessary to its prosperity. The trees attract rain and dampness, and without rain the dry sun-baked earth cannot be cultivated, and the crops would fail, and a famine ensue.

So Government plants forests and groves, and takes great care of what already exists, and our father had to look after them.

I dare say you think it sounds very delightful to live in tents for weeks and weeks together, in a nice climate, not too hot or too cold, and where it only rains at certain seasons. Certainly those gipsying days of long ago were just charming to us children.

All the cold season we struck our canvas homes, and journeyed to a new place every few days. We started early, ere the sun was up, and before it grew hot.

There was no time for a regular breakfast, but the ayah (the native servant) brought us a cup of milk when she roused us, often unwillingly, from our slumbers—one sleeps so soundly under canvas, with plenty of fresh air blowing in from gaps and crannies.

We dressed hurriedly, no bath—that came later—and clambered into the "bullock shigram" waiting for us at the tent door. A "shigram" is a low cart, with two very broad heavy wheels, and inside seats, and covered with a tilt awning to keep the sun off.

A little door opened at the back to let us in, and on the pole in front sat Mohun, the bullock driver, armed with a sharp iron stick, called a goad, with which he prodded the two dun-colored bullocks with great humps on their backs, who were harnessed to the pole by means of a heavy wooden yoke across their necks.

Poor Mohun had no easy work to get the slow lazy bullocks along. Many a prod, and a thwhack, and shouts were necessary ere they would make a start, and the lumbering, creaking machine began to crawl along the roads, deep in dust and sand, mere tracks over sun-baked plains, or through wild forest and low brushwood.

But, somehow or other, we reached our new camp ere the sun was very high up, to find the dinner tent, which was always sent on over-night, pitched in a shady spot, and our baths and breakfasts ready, the latter generally laid on a folding-up table under a tree, whence the crows cawed, and the striped squirrels peeped at us fearlessly.

All our camp furniture folded up, that it might pack the easier in the carts, and sometimes the chairs and bedsteads had an inconvenient habit of doing so when you least expected it, and when it was not required.

You can understand this was just the sort of life to suit us all three, and especially Chip. There were no doors to be opened or shut for him—and a dog always seems to find himself on the wrong side of a door if he can—plenty of liberty and open air, and plenty of moving.

Papa and mamma generally rode on ahead to the new camp, that father might inspect the forests and plantations and interview the villagers, but Chip always traveled with us in the shigram, now and then being let out for a run by its side.

And now to our adventure. Like many scrapes and escapes, it began with not doing what we were told, as you will. One morning we had made an unusually early start, for it was a long distance to the next camping ground.

We were in a district lying at the foot of the mighty Himalayas, a particularly wild and uninhabited part, where wild beasts were common, and many gentlemen went in search of sport.

Wild beasts, however, but very rarely attack people unless they have been shot at and wounded, and we thought no more about them than you would of meeting a fox in an English wood, as we started in our shigram while the dawn was breaking.

We were both rather cross, for we were averse to getting up so early—that is to say, I was rather cross, and Reggie was fretful, not having had his sleep out.

Chip was fidgety. We all grumbled at being cooped up in the shigram, even Chip whining to get out; and so, before we had gone very far, the ayah was worried into letting us get down and walk a little.

The crisp morning air cheered us all up, and we dawdled along happily, the shigram gradually getting on ahead.

Kodar Bux, the younger bearer, had got down, and was walking with us, the ayah being too fat and lazy.

The road, if it could be so called, lay through thick brushwood, among low hills, and we had not gone far ere we saw, in the dim gray morning light, a sort of narrow path opening from it on the right towards the mountains.

It was a kind of ravine, down which in the rainy season ran a stream, and the sides of it were fresh and green with grass and ferns.

"Oh! see, Reggie," I cried, "what a pretty place! Let's go and pick some ferns to ornament mamma's dinner-table!"

Reggie agreed—he always agreed to what I suggested. Kodar Bux did not. But we soon got over him. It was only for a few minutes' run down the inviting-looking little glen.

The ayah in the shigram down the road called and beckoned. But we knew that she was too lazy to run after us, so we didn't mind, and turned down into the ravine, the bullocks appearing only too glad to stand and wait for us.

It was a pretty place. We went on further and further, filling our hands with bunches of beautiful "parsley" and other ferns, and delicate grasses, Chip bounding about, barking delightedly. Ah! Chip, why did you bark?

At last we turned to go back, and found we had come much further than we thought we had. The forest seemed very still and lonely in the growing daylight, but all at once there came a sudden commotion.

I looked up at the bank above us to see what had happened, and there, looking down upon us, to my horror, I beheld a large tiger, with his eye glaring upon poor Chip, whose bark had attracted him.

Kodar Bux picked up Reggie, and I wanted to do the same with Chip—we were too horribly frightened to scream or cry. But Kodar Bux whispered hurriedly—

"No, no, missy sahib. Let him be, let him be, and walk fast, fast! No, do not run—or he will spring, he will spring!"

I walked as fast as ever I could, Chip trotting beside me, quite as frightened as we were, and behind us, slowly, stealthily, like a great cat, well drawn out, stalking a mouse, crept the tiger, intent on the dainty morsel of a little well fed white dog.

It was the longest walk I ever had in all my life. It might have been miles, and seemed as if it never would end.

But the end came at last; we reached the road and heard the servants' voices and the coughing of the bullocks in the shigram.

The tiger, alarmed at the sight of so many people, slunk into the jungle. We were safe.

A sharper lesson on disobedience we never wished to have again!

IMPERTINENT—"Madam, I would like to call your attention to an article which no housewife can well do without at this season of the year. It is a new moth exterminator." Madam—"Excuse me, sir, but what I'm interested in just now is exterminating the old moths. When I get rid of them, maybe I'll talk to you about the new moth exterminator."

THE SIGN-MANUAL.

Perhaps the most interesting notice of the use of the sign-manual among uncivilized peoples is that given by Catlin in his account of the burial of the Red Indian chief Blackbird. When this famous chieftain died, he was dressed in all his warlike paraphernalia, placed upon his favorite white steed, and, accompanied by all the chief men of his tribe, was led to the top of a hill, where, after various ceremonies, each headman present covered his hand with red paint and stamped it upon the white horse; then they brought earth and stones, and piled them round the living horse and his dead rider till both were buried deep in a great mound of earth; and so the chief was sent to the spirit world fully accoutred for war or hunting, with his good steed beneath him, and the red hands of his lieges to testify that they had been witnesses of his solemn obsequies, and had done their duty by him in thus providing for his wants in another world.

Strange it is that this ancient prehistoric use of the hand should have descended to this nineteenth century to be now used as a scientific register of identity; yet so it is. Mr. Francis Galton has for a long time been engaged in studying the markings of the finger-tips when transferred to paper, and has given to many learned Societies the results of his investigations.

He finds that the markings of the fingers are never alike in two persons, that they retain from infancy to age the same markings, varied only by the growth of the individual; so that the impression of the two thumbs of man, woman, or child may be more confidently relied upon as a witness of identity than any handwriting or other testimony.

Generally the finger-tips of idiots, instead of varying as those of sane people do, show almost the same markings on all the fingers, and are remarkably smooth, making it difficult to obtain a clear impression. He also found that the thumb-marks of one idiot reproduced almost exactly those of his mother. These researches, trivial as they may seem to the unscientific, will probably lead to great results in the detection and identification of criminals.

This method of identification by thumb-marks is, however, far from being new, for it has been in use for many years in India, where native criminals before their discharge from prison are made to impress their thumbs on the prison register, and can thus be readily recognized if recommitted.

In China, also, probably from time immemorial, a similar mode of identification has been and still is in use; and a writer last year described the signature to a Chinese passport as consisting of the impression of the hand of the bearer covered with oil-paint, transferred to damp paper, or sometimes of two thumbs only. This is one proof among many of the superior observation of that singularly ingenious race.

IT WAS A CURIOUS LAP-DOG.—A few months back a St. Petersburg lady took a strong fancy to a tiny lap-dog, which she declared was the prettiest and funniest little creature she had ever set her eyes upon. The dealer, however, damped her enthusiasm by asking an exorbitant price for the animal, whose nimbleness and vivacity were certainly marvellous.

A day or two later the lady called again, determined to pay the extravagant price; but her offer was refused, the price raised. She argued against extortion, but at last paid the increased price, and returned home with the coveted prize.

All her friends admired her new acquisition, but both she and they agreed that it was somewhat queer that the animal should be continually slinking away into dark corners, and generally fighting shy of the light, while she had no more success in attempting to tame it than if she had tried her hand at a jaguar.

The general conduct of the lap-dog was highly mysterious, but it was a mystery possessed of a certain charm, which rather added to its value than otherwise. She fed the animal with the best of everything, and one day, after it had partaken of a hearty meal, its mistress thought she heard an explosion.

Looking round, she missed her lap-dog, but in its place beheld an enormous rat standing upon the lap dog's skin, in which it had been cunningly sewn up by the dishonest dealer.

An action has been brought against the dealer, but he alleges that he was deceived himself, having purchased the animal for a lap dog.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

A tooth powder box of cut glass costs $20.

A four-legged chicken is reported from Barton county, Mo.

Germany sends 130,000 canaries to America every year.

Sugar was unknown to the ancient Greeks and Romans.

The Suez Canal is 96 miles long, 300 feet wide, and 26 feet deep.

Hamden, Conn., has offered a bounty of $1 for each mad dog killed.

There is said to be a calf near Lumberton, Conn., that eats chickens.

There are four times as many Irishmen in the United States as Englishmen.

It is worth knowing that wasp or bee stings are relieved by the application of wet tobacco.

Niobrara, Nebraska, women intend organizing a brass band and a lodge of the Eastern Star.

A Livingston county, Mo., preacher recently received 50 cents for performing a marriage ceremony.

Nellie Brighten, aged 11 years, died at Weatherly, Pa., a few days ago, from excessive rope jumping.

A gray-haired man, 65 years old, has been arrested and fined in a New York police court for hugging women in the street.

Annie Lacker, who was married at the age of 14, has been divorced from her husband by the Supreme Court of New York.

A hen owned by W. B. Miller, of Cartersville, Ga., has taken up her abode with an Irish setter dog, making a nest in the kennel.

England has more women workers than any other country in proportion to population; 13 per cent. of the industrial classes are women.

A divorce was recently granted to a woman at Paris, Texas, and five minutes later she faced the Judge with another man and was married.

Mrs. Augusta Wolh, of Frankfort, Ind., dropped dead on the grave of her son, on a recent Sunday, while placing some flowers on the mound.

It has been estimated that a bell of common size, whose sound would penetrate a distance of 3 to 5 miles on shore, could, if submerged in the sea, be heard over 60 miles.

A Seattle, Washington, taxidermist, while dissecting a monstrous shark, claims to have found inside the fish a cuff button, which bore the portrait of President Cleveland.

According to statistics furnished by the Rev. Dr. Dawson Burns, of London, the English spend $19.16 per capita for liquor annually; the Scotch $15.14, and the Irish $11.

Lunacy appears to have increased in Scotland to a startling extent. In 1858 there were 5,824 lunatics on the register of the lunacy commissioners, but now there are 17,807.

It is a time-honored custom at the Austrian court that wedding dresses worn by the princesses of the imperial family are afterward given to some church to be used for vestments.

Joseph R. Combs and wife, of Houston, Indiana, were married 25 years ago. About a year ago differences arose and they were divorced. A few days ago they were remarried.

There are records of elephants that have lived for 300 years, and an age of 150 years is not regarded as so very old for an elephant. It takes about a quarter of a century to get the elephant to full maturity.

A player at whist may hold about 635 thousand million hands. Playing 60 deals every evening in the year, it might be above forty millions of years before a succession of players would have the same hand again.

A Texan, in order to have some sport with a tenderfoot recently, ordered him to dance. The stranger refused, and, knocking the cowboy down, took his gun away and then compelled him to dance until he fainted from exhaustion.

The Dominion of Canada has an area of 3,457,000 square miles, and comprises one-sixteenth of the land surface of the globe. It is the largest of all the British possessions, Australia, the next in size, containing 2,944,-628 square miles.

Several species of wild clover are eaten by the Indians. When the blossoms appear the inhabitants of whole villages may be seen squatted in the clover meadows plucking and eating the flowers to satiety. The latter are used for cooking also.

Charles Tyler has been employed as letter carrier in the New York postoffice for 48 years, and during that time it is estimated that he walked over 300,000 miles. When he entered the service there were but six carriers employed, while now there are about 1,200.

The singing of a mocking bird saved Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Crusteed from a horrible death at Tallapoosa, Georgia, a few days ago. Early in the morning they were awakened by the vigorous screaming of their pet mocking bird, and arose to find their house on fire. They only had time to jump from a window to save their lives.

ANGRY WORDS.

BY R. C. C.

A thoughtless word, a quick reply,
In moment of brief anger spoken,
And nought can o'er again ally
The chord of love and feeling broken.
Then hearts asunder beat alone
Which in the past vowed ne'er to sever,
While lips which should in haste atone,
Restrained by pride, are closed for ever.

So lives are wrecked, joys die away,
And paths once carpeted with roses,
Are strewn with blossoms in decay,
While 'neath each leaf a thorn reposes.
And when too late comes vain regret,
Refused by conscience absolution,
Say, what is left but to forget,
Or bear till death brings dissolution.

ABOUT SALT.

The sole mines for rock-salt are now in the lowest and purest bed. The rock-salt is exported, much of it to the Netherlands and Australia, and its chief use is for mixing with food for cattle. The upper deposit is worked for table salt, and it is worked by water—that is to say, no mining in it is done by the hand of man; the agent for removing the salt rock is water. Fully-saturated brine contains twenty-seven pounds of salt in one hundred pounds of water.

The best Cheshire brine is extraordinarily strong: it contains twenty-six pounds of salt in one hundred; whereas sea-water contains only three and a half per cent. The Friedrichshall brine contains twenty per cent.; that of Chateau-Salines only fourteen per cent. Accordingly, the Cheshire manufacturers have a great advantage in the strength of their brine; and a second in the nearness of the great coal-fields of Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Durham. They have the most strongly impregnated natural brine known where it is most inexpensive to evaporate the water.

If we visit a salt factory the first point to be noticed is the boring into the reservoir of brine. A shaft is driven down through the red marl and gravel, through beds of gypsum like masses of alum, till the reservoir is tapped; whereupon the brine rushes up the shaft. Then a pump is let down and hung in the boring. The iron pipe has nothing to rest upon below; it depends from its collar at the top. The brine pumped up is discharged into a large bricked tank, from which pipes of communication lead to the several pans in which the solution is to be boiled or scalded.

There are pans of two sorts, according to whether the salt is to be fine or coarse grained. In the former case, it is boiled; in the latter, scalded. Moreover, the size of the pans differs: those in which fine crystallized salt is to be made are not over thirty feet long by twenty-four feet wide: whereas the others are often double the length. The pans are eighteen inches deep.

Under a pan at one end is the furnace, and the fire and smoke from it are conveyed the whole length of the pan, and also under a chamber beyond in which the salt has to be "stoved." When the brine is in ebullition at the end immediately over the fire, it sends ripples to the farther end, and of course parts with its water by degrees in steam. As the steam forms above the pans, so do salt crystals form on the surface of the brine, as a sort of scum, at the end away from the fire. If this be not removed, in a short while it sinks.

Owing to the intense heat of the works, the men go almost completely naked, wearing breeches or trousers only. They steam with perspiration, and will run out the barrows with butter salt to lade a van on the rails in this condition, and stand talking to each other in a freezing east wind. One would suppose that pulmonary complaints were frequent. This is not the case; the men enjoy excellent health, and almost entire exemption from influenza, cholera, and all fevers.

The next process is to make the fine table salt. For this purpose the conical blocks are run on barrows to the mill to be ground. A man with a pick tosses each moulded block on to a revolving band or elevator with catches on it to receive the blocks, which are carried up and thrown into the mill, where the salt is passed between smooth revolving plates of iron, crushed to the fineness required, then passed through sieves. Much of the table salt produced is as fine in the grain as the finest wheat flour. It is never touched by the hand. As soon as reduced to salt-dust, it is placed in jars, or waterproof bags, or parchment receptacles.

Ordinary common salt is not boiled at all, and is formed at a temperature of one hundred and seventy to one hundred and eighty degrees Fahrenheit. It remains about two days in the pan. It is the rule, the slower the evaporation the larger the crystals formed. This salt is never put into tubs, but is drained on the hurdles.

Fishing salt is made at a temperature of one hundred to one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit, and remains about five days in the pans, sometimes as long as three weeks. It is a much coarser-grained salt, and is employed for pickling. Bay salt is coarser still, and is allowed some six weeks to form. It is made at a temperature of ninety degrees Fahrenheit; owing to the time it takes making, it is the most expensive of all. After the crystals have been drained, they are washed again in hot brine and then stoved.

Common salt, chloride of sodium, is the most widely distributed substance in the body; it exists in every fluid and in every solid; and not only is everywhere present, but in almost every part it constitutes the largest portion of the ash when any tissue is burnt.

In particular it is a constant constituent of the blood, and it maintains in it a proportion that is almost wholly independent of the quantity that is consumed with the food. The blood will take up no more, however much we may take with our food, and, on the other hand, if none be given, the blood parts with its natural quantity slowly and unwillingly.

Nothing can demonstrate its value better than the fact that if albumen without salt is introduced into the intestines of an animal, no portion of it is absorbed, while it all quickly disappears if salt be added. The conclusion therefore is obvious that salt, being wholesome, and indeed, necessary, should be taken in moderate quantities, and that abstention from it is likely to be injurious.

Grains of Gold.

Actions are ideas in motion.

Golden opportunities fly low, but they fly swift.

Saying good-bye to our sins one at a time is slow work.

Whoever opposes truth is bound to come out a loser by it.

None so thoroughly over-estimate as they who over-estimate themselves.

Truth travels straight ahead, but a lie will stop at every corner and beat it.

It is strange how often we think lightly of the gifts we have and wish for those that Providence has denied.

The discovery of what is true, and the practice of what is good, are the two most important objects of life.

Faith and persistency are life's architects; while doubt and despair bury everything under the ruins of endeavor.

There are two freedoms—the false, where one is free to do what he likes, and the true, where he is free to do what he ought.

Why should everyone try to make his own company as agreeable and valuable as possible? Because it is company he can never avoid.

A man may be right in feeling that the world can do without him, but every man ought to feel that the world needs the best efforts of his life.

Every man has his chain and his clog, only it is looser and lighter to one man than another; and he is more at ease who takes it up than he who drags it.

One contented with what he has done stands but a small chance of becoming famous for what he will do. He has laid down to die. The grass is already growing over him.

Femininities.

As a rule, women are better than men.

Some people speak at least twice before they think.

The fashionable pen is an ostrich quill with a gold nib.

The day of all days is to-day, the hour of all hours is the present.

New pocketbooks are large enough to hold a couple of handkerchiefs.

Umbrellas can now be had with sets of fancy handles that screw off and on.

Consider well who you are, what you do, whence you come, and whither you go.

"She is very high church, isn't she?" "Why, she bows her head whenever the young rector's name is mentioned."

The latest furniture fad is to have growing vines painted on the legs and upper works of white enameled chairs.

Mrs. Potter Palmer has received near 7500 applications from women for positions in connection with the World's Fair.

Mrs. Dr. Eldridge, of Tokio, Japan, has made a collection of 1000 teapots, which she intends exhibiting at the World's Fair.

"Oh, don't! You mustn't!" she cried, as her cheek flushed rosily red. "It's a matter of pressing importance," he answered.

Terry: "How many fish have ye hooked the day, Pat?" Pat: "Whin Ol've got the wan Ol'm afther, and two more, Ol'll have three."

The mother, grandfather, great-grandfather and great-great-grandfather of a six-months-old baby at Rural Retreat, Virginia, all live under the same roof.

Young husband: "Didn't I telegraph you not to bring your mother with you?" Young wife: "That's what she wants to see you about. She read the telegram."

"Dear me," said mamma, "what is the baby crying for?" "He's mad at me, mamma," said Mollie. "I was trying to make him smile with the glove-stretcher."

He: "I have come to ask for your hand." She, Boston: "Well, I fear I could not endure the surgical operation. I am afraid you will be forced to take me with it."

Jones: "That young man who plays the cornet is sick." Green: "Do you think he will recover?" Jones: "I'm afraid not. The doctor who is attending him lives next door."

Mollie: "What a lovely complexion Hattie has!" Ellie: "Yes; she must use some face wash or other." "She does, I'm sure." "I knew it. I wonder where she gets it?" "Out of the hydrant."

Mrs. Dix: "The law doesn't treat a woman fairly." Mrs. Hicks: "In what respect?" Mrs. Dix: "She is recognized as a man's better half, but if he happens to die it cuts her down to a third."

The newest fad in table decorations is to color the water in the finger-bowls in harmony with the dinner scheme. A few drops of harmless fluids produce, by lessening or increasing the little used, the exact tint required.

Jones, a wealthy Prohibitionist, who is giving a dinner to Parcher on strictly temperance principles: "John, it is very close in here. Can't you open something?" Parcher, with eagerness: "Yes; that's a good idea! Open a bottle."

"Monster earrings," says a jeweler, "belong to the era of cannibalism and widow-burning, and I never expected to see the mastodonic Oriental fashion revived; but awildom has decreed that big earrings must be worn again.

Tired tramp: "Lady, could yer help a poor feller a little? I've got a hackin' cough and a headache." Lady: "Well, I've got a little wood outside you could hack, and it might cure your headache." Tramp: "Awfully much obleeged, mum, but my headache ain't of ther splitting kind."

An usher at Centenary Church at Greensboro, N. C., got a little rattled one Sunday night recently, but he did the best thing he could under the circumstances. The room was excessively warm, and he tried his level best to lower a window from the top, but failed. Then he took down the thermometer and carried it out of doors. Everybody cooled off at once.

A Western author thus concludes his exciting tale: "He soon unfolded his sad tale to his friend, and finally consented to live if Henry would give him a chew of tobacco. He returned to the house, and in his haggard countenance Jane saw his unhappy condition. He never got over it, though. About twenty years after he fell from a wagon and his neck was broken, for a sheriff had thoughtlessly slipped a rope around it."

In the cemetery, at Marietta, Ga., there is an infant's grave that attracts attention of visitors to that place. There is no headstone, but resting on top of the grave is a glass box containing the playthings the little one had before its death. There are dolls—rubber and china, rubber ball, rattle, china cup and other toys. On the sides of the grave are three bottles of medicine, that which was in use, presumably, during its last sickness.

Masculinities.

Every man is some boy's hero.

Hurried eating impairs the health of the strongest person in time.

The cynic is very frequently a man who couldn't make a dollar at any other job.

It's a Parisian fad to wear a string of real flowers inside the hem of the dancing-dress.

There is one great common leveler—no man ever gets too proud to beg a chew of tobacco.

After we have called a man a fool, it always pleases us to have him get mad and prove it.

Intemperance among the men of Holland has given the tending of railroad switches to women.

A room in the house of L. W. Famer, London, is entirely papered with 70,000 canceled postage stamps.

A guest who habitually neglects to tip them is called by New York waiters a "miff." This is a miff-fit, as it were.

One of the times when a man begins to cry and sigh that all men are not honest is when he gets the wrong hat.

What nonsense it is to say a man is "inclined to be bald." When a man is becoming bald it is quite against his inclination.

An experienced hotel clerk is authority for the statement that a woman around a hotel requires more attention than three men.

Two men at Wolfenbuttel, Germany, claimed the ownership of a fruit tree. They quarreled and a fight ensued, in which both were killed.

A man living near Brenham, Texas, who had invented a flying machine, recently took a trial trip. The doctors say that he will probably recover from his injuries.

No woman would be happy to be the only woman in the world and have all the men worship her. She wouldn't be satisfied. She'd want another woman or two to envy her.

Miss Elder: "I think it was real mean in you to tell Mr. De Jones that I was 29 years old." Miss Footlick: "Why, you surely didn't want me to tell him just how old you really were?"

James Tobin, who lives near Ladoga, Indiana, is reported to have not only supported life on ice cream since July 14th, 1892, but to have increased from 140 to 210 pounds in weight.

A man at Griffin, Georgia, who believes that some day Confederate money will be redeemed, and will be worth dollar for dollar, has a million dollars in Confederate bills stored away.

The Chinese value an old pair of boots which have been worn by an upright magistrate, and the custom of wishing a friend a "happy foot" is still observed in many European countries.

Mrs. McKinley, of Duluth, Minn., recently admitted to practice law, has one important advantage over fellow-members of that bar. Her husband is Judge of the circuit in which she practices.

A Rockville, Conn., man has a letter in his possession which was originally addressed to his brother in India. In following him up it traveled over 50,000 miles, and was at last returned to the writer.

An eminent physician recommends for the treatment of bleeding at the nose the plunging of the feet and hands of the patient in water as hot as can be borne. He says that the most rebellious cases have never resisted this mode of treatment.

Two Baltimore men made a wager lately as to who could eat the most oysters. They adjourned to a cafe, and, after each had devoured 135 bivalves, the oyster shucker refused to open more for them, fearing they would die from overeating.

From the stomach of a patient who died lately at the Michigan asylum for the insane, at Kalamazoo, there were taken 75 stones, 38 nails from 1½ to 5½ inches long, 15 staples, 2 screws, 2 buttons, a piece of glass, several pieces of barbed wire, besides dirt and gravel, the whole weighing 21 ounces.

Arthur Croom, an aged man, was called upon to pray at a prayer-meeting held near Livingston, Alabama, one night lately. He failed to respond, and when the congregation rose he still knelt. It was discovered that he had died while kneeling without a sound or a movement to indicate his sudden death.

A man at Coburg, Cal., recently applied for some postage stamps, and when the official offered him the new Columbian stamps he refused to accept them, saying: "You can't bunco me, mister." The postmaster insisted they were legal, but the man would not accept them. He was finally reconciled by receiving the old style and went away satisfied.

Justice Meade, in a New York police court, settled a case for abandonment, preferred by a wife, by offering to buy the baby (which the husband said he was willing to support) for $1000; whereupon the father cried out: "No, no! I'll support it; I'll support 'em both. I'll give 'em $10 a week!" The magistrate looked as wise as Solomon as he chuckled softly and dismissed the case.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

Aside from the question of becomingness no lady now need restrict the colors she wears. She can have a riotous red or ecclesiastical purple, or she can wear the brilliant hue of the Green Isle. They are all pretty, even though so brilliant.

A DRESSY CAPE.

The pretty short capes are now seen in primary colors, and also in tints and shades. Some of them are made to match costumes and are trimmed as the wearer's taste dictates, rather than after any one set pattern, though nearly all of them have the plaited ruff upon the shoulders. One really superb wrap of this sort had the collar of ribbed purple silk edged with black lace. Then came the ruff of magnificent purple velvet, which, however, only stood out full without plaits and reached a little over the shoulders. Below this was a cape, reaching to the waist line, made of the corded silk covered with black thread lace.

Another beautiful cape in the same style was of olive green velvet, the plaited ruff and cape lined with pale blue ribbed silk. There was a standing ruffle of lined velvet at the neck.

But these short capes are by no means made of velvet alone. It is quite the thing to have them of black silk or cashmere to match gowns and lined with plain, light colored silk or changeable taffetas. Some of them are of colored goods, with black lace frills and narrow bead trimmings. One of the prettiest of this style is of drab cloth, with rich black lace ruffle and beading around the bottom. The upper cape, which overlaps it, has two rows of very narrow passementerie and another fall of lace above and the passementerie arranged so as to give the appearance of V shaped lapels. The upper cape has a row of beads sewn to it at intervals of one inch. The model could be followed more or less closely, and no matter how changed or of what material it was made it would be a pretty and dressy cape.

Let us cast our longing eyes over the new things in the way of dress goods. They are so pretty and so choice that one thinks that, like the wine at Cana, the best has been reserved to the last. In wash-dress fabrics there is a new velours de russe which is 43 inches wide and costs about 75 cents per yard. It looks like heavy corded silk and is in all the richest colors, so that a truly elegant gown can be made of it, and it is warranted to wash well. There are also several new ideas, all of them good, in French embroidered ginghams. Some of them have large plaids, and on the centers of the plaid nearest the foot are embroidered dainty flowerets in natural but fast colors.

Besides these there are some lovely openwork crinkles in the tan and ecru shades and a large line of empire brocade sateens, some of them as rich and lustrous as silk. There are also sateens with india silk designs, with a bright luster, and others of foulard pattern. These sateens are all entirely new. At first there were other designs put forward, which, though beautiful considered as works of art, did not seem to please, but these are already filling that long felt want we hear of so often.

In outing and tennis there are cashmere flannelettes in two toned stripes and mixtures. There are also some new twill flannels in fast colors, which are light, but very strong. Some of the light grades of the new hopsacking checks will be worn for outing frocks, the colors being mostly hempen, brown or manilla, with borderings of some suitably colored flat trimming stitched on, as ruffles and flounces are an abomination and a misery on rough mountain roads and through brambly fields.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Dr. Schweninger of Munich holds that salt is by no means an indispensable ingredient of our daily food, and calls attention to the robust health of a number of nations who dispense with its use altogether. If once begun, the practice of salt eating, he says, is apt to become a confirmed habit, like the Spanish-American passion for red pepper, and there is no doubt that sundry skin diseases (like scurvy) can be traced to the habitual use of salt meat.

Not even bad eggs are laid in vain. Years ago those that had survived their culinary usefulness were of no value to dealers, who used to pay garbage collectors to take them away. Nowadays bad eggs are almost a regular article of commerce. The yolks can be so treated as to make a most valuable dressing for kid and other fine leather. Instead of paying to have bad eggs taken away, the dealers sell them to the makers of this dressing at a fair price. Large quantities of this egg-yolk dressing are exported to Europe.

For washing the hair a small piece of kitchen soap put in very hot water until a thick white suds is achieved is best. Use this water to cut out the dust, and after wash the soapy water out of it thoroughly with clear water that should be very hot, holding your head over a basin and letting it be poured from a small pitcher. Dry the hair first with towels, and then do not braid it while it is damp, but have it either fanned until it is dry, or, if possible, stay in your room and let it hang loose until it is free from all moisture. Do not be induced under any circumstances to use a fine comb upon it; it is death and destruction to the hair and not good for the scalp. If there are obstinate spots of dandruff, rub in a little vaseline and brush that place well the next morning.

Codfish Balls.—Codfish balls when well made are always an acceptable dish, but it is not every cook who succeeds in making them light and just right. The fish must be picked fine and freshened sufficiently. Then mashed potatoes and fish in equal parts are put together and well beaten, after which a few tablespoonfuls of cream and a piece of butter are put in with a little pepper. This must be well beaten again, when the balls are shaped and fried in very hot fat. In freshening codfish it is well to put it on the back of the range for a quarter or half hour before picking it apart, and it is necessary to mash and beat the potatoes well, separately, and then beat all the ingredients well together. The success of fish balls lies in their being light and smooth, as well as well seasoned.

Banana Cake.—Take three tablespoonfuls of butter, two cups of sugar, yolks of five eggs and the whites of three, one cup cold water, three cups of flour, three tablespoonfuls of baking powder, one lemon, the grated peel and juice. Cream the butter and sugar, add the yolks of the eggs (beaten light), the water, lemon juice and rind and last the whites and flour. Bake on jelly-cake tins. For the filling, one banana cut in slices, one cup of powdered sugar, whites of two eggs, the juice and grated rind of a lemon. Beat the whites and sugar together very light, spread on each layer and place over it the bananas, cut in thin slices, the pieces joining each other closely. Sprinkle each layer with the lemon juice and grated peel. Ice the top of the cake. This cake must be eaten as soon as made.

Pecan Nut Cake.—At the south, where the pecan nut grows to perfection, they are an admired addition to cake, but as they can be bought fresh in almost any large town, this recipe may be followed elsewhere. Have a pint measure full of fresh pecan nuts after they are shelled, and set them aside until you are ready to add them to layers of icing put between flat round cakes made after the following proportions: One pound of flour, whites of sixteen eggs, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, a teaspoonful of extract of bitter almonds. Bake this cake in large, flat tin plates made for cooking jelly cake. This quantity should make six. For the icing you need whites of three eggs, one pound of pulverized sugar. Make the icing as soon as you have put the cakes in to bake and insert the layers while they are still warm. Dot the bits of nut closely all over each layer and garnish with them, especially the top. It is a favorite cake with young folks, not so extravagant as would seem at first sight, if made in combination with some dish that requires only the yolks of eggs.

OPINIONS founded on prejudice are always sustained with the greatest violence.

GERMAN FOLKLORE.

It is fitting to begin the roll-call of superstitions with one connected with the first of the year. The dreams of New Near's Night, Hausträume will tell you, invariably come true.

A similar property is accorded to the first night's dream in a strange house; this, it is said, is sure to come true, no matter how preposterous and improbable it may appear.

If the child in the cradle laughs in its sleep, the mother's heart is gladdened by the thought that angels are whispering to it. If a tempest is brewing, she shudders, and prays for the poor distracted soul that has just died by its own hand. If a star falls, she sighs for those who loved the dead man or woman; and when scientists rejoice over the discovery of a new star, she only has tears for the bereaved mother whose lost child the star represents. She checks the heedless girl who would rock the cradle empty, ignorant that thereby she rocks the baby's rest away. She watches heedfully lest the tears of the mourners should fall on the dead man in the coffin and make him restless in the grave; and she chides the children who would eat off one plate, careless that by so doing they will become enemies for life.

When the sky darkens, she is wise enough to know a babe has been born that will be a scourge to itself and its neighbors; and she is heedful not to point upwards, lest she should destroy the rainbow, or lay knives edge uppermost on the table—for they would cut the angels' feet—or neglect to knock at the wine-casks when there is a death in the house, for such neglect would turn the good wine sour.

She shuns the neighbor who spins on Saturday night, for she will walk after her death; and the neighbors who sew on Sunday and on Good-Friday, for they will be struck by lightning. She mutters the Paternoster when she watches a shooting-star; crushes empty egg-shells lest witches should get into them; and refrains from looking in the mirror at night lest the Prince of Darkness should glance over her shoulder.

If she is born on Sunday she can see ghosts, and is quite untroubled by the gift. She is learned in weather-lore, and knows that rain on St. John's Day will spoil the nuts; that a cold April gives bread and wine; that the moon's change on a Friday betokens storm; and that wheat sown on St. Maurice's Day is blighted. If she is curious to know what will happen during the year, she creeps into the winter corn on Christmas Eve and hears the future revealed.

If she has many troubles, she wears a girdle of mugwort on St. John's Eve, and afterwards flings it into the fire, trusting that as it burns her griefs will wane and disappear. When the wind blows the long grass about, she calls the children about her, lest they should stray away and come upon the corn-wolf, whose stealthy passage makes the grass sway thus. She forbids them to pull the roses, which are under the protection of Laurin, king of the dwarfs; or to sleep under an elder-bush, or even to pluck its white flowers, lest they should offend the petulant Elder Mother.

On winter nights, while she spins, she tells her lads and lasses of Holda, who sails her silver boat across the dark skies by night; and of the moss-women whom the Wild Huntsman pursues during storms; and of certain flowers which once were men and women: how the plantain was a girl deserted by her lover, who used to wait by the wayside for him: how the maple was a village beauty who loved a soldier not wisely but too well, and was cursed by her mother: how the camomile flowers were turbulent and rapacious soldiers, changed after death into this shape for their sins: how dead babies ascend to heaven crowned with strawberry flowers: and how crumbs of rye-bread placed on the saddle of a tired horse will remove his fatigue.

That a red mouse is an emblem of the soul, every German knows, and my typical woman is not likely to ignore, any more than she is to forget the story of the old woman who became a woodpecker, or the way to ensure plenty of chickens; that is, to set the hen to hatch when the worshippers are leaving church.

She knows that every slain swallow makes a month of heavy rain; that sparrows' nests on the roof bring riches, and a stork's, long life; and that lightning strikes where the redstart builds; as well as she knows that oaks are the chosen homes of fairies; that demons dwell in old cherry-trees; that the "undines" hide from mortal eyes in the cups of water-lilies; and that flax and its spinners are under the peculiar care of the goddess Holda.

If a hare crosses her path, she turns back, fearing some bad luck. If she witnesses a wedding in the rain, she congratulates the happy couple on coming riches. She welcomes the song of a cricket as a sign of good luck; and leaves her child unchristened as long as she can, that it may have large eyes, or as long as a pair of scissors or a knife is in its cradle, it is safe from witches.

At the christening she selects, if possible, godparents from three different parishes, that the child may live to be a hundred, and refrains from giving it her name or her husband's lest it should die before them, and checks the flighty young gossips from looking about them in church, for fear the infant should have the unenviable faculty of seeing ghosts.

On May-day Eve (Walpurgis Night) she draws crosses on her door, that witches may not enter; and persuades her husband to fire his gun over their cornfields before retiring, so that no evil thing may harm the wheat. Thus lives she amid a store of harmless superstitions and dainty fancies.

COURT-MARTIALLING AN ELEPHANT.

During the last few years the subject of court-martials has been brought strongly before the attention of the public. But it may not be known to many that, besides the court martialling of soldiers, the army also court-martials certain animals should they commit any offence.

In the British army in India elephants are much used for heavy draught purposes by the commissariat and different regiments of artillery. Now, what is most singular, these colossal creatures are treated quite differently from any other animal belonging to the service. For instance, no elephant is ever punished, however serious or trivial his offence may be, without first undergoing a court-martial.

The writer remembers seeing an elephant court martialled at Mawb, Central India. The animal had been put under arrest, and charged with killing his keeper, a native soldier. It was found in the inquiry over the keeper's death that the native had given the elephant offence through stealing some of his food, called gramin (a coarse kind of pea), after it had been served out to him.

Now, whether the native had robbed him in earnest or jest, no one could say. The elephant had caught him in the act, and before the man could get away, the great brute put his foot on him, then winding his trunk around him, lifted him into the air, and before anyone could stop him he dashed the man to the ground, which caused his death.

Of course the man was to blame, for he ought to have known that if there is any one thing more than another that will enrage an elephant, it is to be robbed of his food. But though the animal had had provocation he could not go unpunished; therefore, early one morning he was led out to take his trial by court-martial.

A more curious trial one cannot imagine. First came the whole of the elephants belonging to the station in a long, solemn procession. They formed up in two lines on either side of the place of punishment.

The prisoner was then marched up. Around his neck was a tremendous chain, the ends of which were attached to the collars of two other elephants who walked on either side of him. When he reached the puttah (the punishment stone) his feet were inserted into four holes and chained.

When the prisoner was thoroughly secured the brigade-major and staff rode along the lines. They halted when they got within a few yards of the elephant. The brigade-major then produced several sheets of foolscap, and calling the prisoner by name, bade him give attention to what was going to be read. The major first read out the charge, then the evidence for and against him.

At the conclusion of the evidence, the major said he, the prisoner, had been found guilty of killing his keeper, and the charge had been fully proven against him; therefore, by the rules and regulations of the army, he was sentenced to receive forty-eight lashes with a chain, and after that punishment he should for three months draw a log chained to his leg.

The corporal elephant then approached to within a few feet of the prisoner. A large iron chain was placed in his trunk. At a signal from the major he commenced to flog the prisoner. Blow after blow was given, the major counting loudly the number of blows till the full number had been received. Not a sound was uttered by the other elephants, but the groans of the prisoner as the chain descended across his ribs were indescribable.

WHICH WAS THE PRINCE?—Some years ago a masquerade ball was given by the late Lady Marion Alford, mother of the present Earl Brownlow, and a very distinguished company was invited. As all were to be marked each guest was naturally requested to produce the card of invitation at the door of Alford House. And, equally naturally, several of the masquerasders forgot to bring their cards.

The first of these, being a gentleman of resource, hit, however, on a plan to gain admission without the required formula, that proved perfectly successful.

"Your card of invitation, please, sir."

"I am the Prince of Wales."

The servant bowed low, and the pseudo-prince passed up.

Ten minutes later another guest arrived without his card. By an odd coincidence the same expedient occurred to him.

"I must ask you for your invitation-card, sir," said the servant.

The guest stared at him absent mindedly.

"Oh!" he said, "I have not got it; but it doesn't matter, I think. I am the Prince of Wales."

The second pretender might have had more difficulty in enforcing his claim; but at the foot of the steps was one of the royal carriages, and the sight of the scarlet liveries convinced the servant that he had been deceived by the first pretender and that the true Prince stood here in propria persona.

With a murmured apology the official bowed lower than before, and amid the whispers of the bystanders the royal claimant passed on.

His place was taken by a stout gentleman in a marvellous costume of scarlet and crimson.

"Your card, sir."

"I am the Prince of Wales," said the scarlet domino, briefly.

But the servant smiled.

"Oh no!" he said, blandly but firmly. "I must really thank you to return for your ticket of invitation. His Royal Highness has already arrived!"

And the Heir Apparent of the realm had to remove his mask ere he could obtain a recognition of his identity.

AN UNCANNY TREE.—Here is a story, which may or may not be true, of a vegetable wonder. A traveler was recently in Mexico on a botanical expedition. One day he saw a dark object on one of the outlying spurs of the Sierra Madre mountains. He saw it had long, slender limbs, drooping like a weeping willow. They had a slimy, snaky appearance, and at times the whole tree seemed to writhe. One day he saw a bird circle around it for some time, and then alight on the top. Then the branches began to move and curl upward. They turned around the bird, which began to cry, and drew it down until he lost sight of it. The botanist tried, as he had several times before, to climb the eminence.

The rock on which he stepped loosened and fell, himself with it. He was not injured, and he found that the rock left quite a cavity. He looked in, and saw quite a cavern, and felt a current of fresh air blowing on his face. With his trowel he enlarged the hole so to admit of his ascent. He saw the flattened body of the bird fall to the ground, which was covered with bones and feathers.

The tree was not above twenty feet in height, but covered a great area. Its trunk was of prodigious thickness, knotted and scaly. From the top of this trunk, a few feet from the ground, its slimy branches curved upward and downward, nearly touching the ground with their tips. On his venturing to touch lightly one of the limbs it closed upon his hand with such force that it tore the skin when he wrenched it away. There was no foliage on the tree.

THE WILLOW-PATTERN PLATE.—Comparatively few people know that this design embodies an old Chinese tradition. The story is said to be as follows: In the mansion pictured on the right-hand side of the plate dwelt a mandarin, with his only daughter Li-chi. The latter fell in love with Chang, her father's former secretary, who lived in the island home shown at the top of the pattern (left-hand side). One day the mandarin heard them exchanging vows under the orange tree (in the background), and forbade their union. The lovers, however, eloped, and hid for a time in the gardener's cottage (at the end of the bridge opposite the willow tree), whence they eventually escaped in a boat to Chang's island home. The mandarin pursued them with a whip, and would have killed them but for the intervention of the gods, who changed the pair into turtle doves (the birds shown in the picture). The design is called the Willow-Pattern, not only because it represents a story of unfortunate love, but also because the lovers' flight occurred "when the willow begins to shed its leaves."

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If you will send us within the next 30 days a photograph or a tintype of yourself, or any member of your family, living or dead, we will make you one of our enlarged life-like CRAYON PORTRAIT **absolutely free of charge.** This offer is made to introduce our artistic portraits in your vicinity. Put your name and address back of photo, and send same to us. (Established in 1876.) References: all newspaper publishers, Banks, and Express Companies of New York and Brooklyn. P. S.—We will forfeit $100 to anyone sending us photo, and not receiving crayon picture Free of charge. Address all letters to

TANQUEREY PORTRAIT SOCIETY, 741 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

STATES MEANT.—A monthly statement, Mo.; a weekly statement, Ill.; a personal statement, Me.; a graphic statement, Del.; a written statement, Penn.; a decimal statement, Tenn.; an interesting statement, Miss.; a false statement, Miss.; an historical statement, Ark.; a confident statement, Kan.; a rich statement, Ore.; a lump statement, Mass.; a spirited statement, R. I.; a medical statement, Md.; a French statement, Va., a French statement, Ala.; an emphatic statement, O.; an emphatic statement, La.; a close statement, N. Y.; a neutral statement, I. T.; a neat statement, Wash.; a doubtful statement, Wy.

A WRITER in the North American Review states "that we still have on the rolls twenty widows and two daughters of the Revolution, the last two survivors of that war having died in 1869, aged respectively 105 and 100. There are 165 survivors and 9657 widows of the War of 1812, and 13,215 survivors and 7282 widows of the Mexican War. This leaves 657,892 survivors and 158,893 dependent relatives of the War of the Rebellion, with 426,398 claimants for pensions for this and earlier wars on the list for consideration at the date of the last report, October 12, 1892, besides 361,663 claimants for increase of pensions."

FAT PEOPLE

To reduce your weight SURELY use Willard's Obesity Pills and lose 15 pounds a month. No injury to the health. No interference with business or pleasure. NO STARVING. They build up and improve the general health, beautify the complexion and leave NO WRINKLES. Lucy Anderson, 84 Auburn St., Cambridge, Mass., writes: three bottles of your Obesity Pills reduced my weight from 225 pounds to 180 and I never felt better in all my life. I am much pleased with the result, and shall do all I can to help you. Our patrons include Physicians, Bankers, Lawyers, and leaders of Society. Our goods are not sold in drug stores: all orders are supplied direct from our office. Price per package $2.00 or three packages for $5.00 by mail prepaid. Particulars (sealed) 2cts. ALL CORRESPONDENCE CONFIDENTIAL.

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THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it **WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC ON THE INSTRUMENT.** In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it **IMMEDIATELY**, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this **GUIDE. THE GUIDE** shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys.

It must be understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and **WITHOUT FAIL** is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book.

By giving the student the power to play **IMMEDIATELY** twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of **FIFTY CENTS.** Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

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NO MOUSTACHE NO PAY.
WRITE FOR CIRCULAR OR ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MY CURE.
PROF. BIRKHOLZ,
MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO.

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Is the Coming Great Country, and the Pacific Coast Terminus of the Great Northern Railway is inevitably its Greatest City. Finest location, best harbor, greatest resources and most substantial growth. Investments placed through us now are on a basis that insures a **PROFIT OF FROM 100 TO 300 PER CENT** in the next two years. Our Inside Water Front Property, close to the business center, at from $200 TO $250 per lot on EASY TERMS, Cannot be equalled as a SAFE AND RAPID MONEY-MAKING proposition. We also negotiate choice Mortgage Loans and Municipal Securities. We are willing to guarantee any investment placed by us for a share of the profits. Highest Eastern and Western Bank References. For Maps, Pamphlets, etc., address the

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Honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who served ninety days, or over, in the late war, are entitled, if now **partially** or wholly disabled for ordinary manual labor, whether disability was caused by service or not, and regardless of their pecuniary circumstances.

WIDOWS of such soldiers and sailors are entitled (if not remarried) whether soldier's death was due to army service or not, if **now** dependent upon their own labor for support. Widows **not** dependent upon their own labor are entitled if the soldier's death **was** due to service.

CHILDREN are entitled (if under sixteen years) **in almost all cases where there was no** widow, or she has since died or remarried.

PARENTS are entitled if soldier **left neither widow nor child,** provided **soldier died in service,** or **from effects of service,** and they are **now dependent** upon their own labor for support. It makes no difference whether soldier served or died in late war or in regular army or navy.

Soldiers of the late war, pensioned under one law, may apply for **higher rates under other laws, without losing any rights.**

Thousands of soldiers drawing from $6 to $12 per month **under the old law** are entitled to **higher rates** under **new law,** not only on account of disabilities for which now pensioned, but also for others, **whether due to service or not.**

Soldiers and sailors disabled in line of duty in **regular** army or navy **since the war** are also entitled, whether discharged for disability or not.

Survivors, and their widows, of the **Black Hawk, Creek, Cherokee** and **Seminole** or **Florida Indian Wars of 1832 to 1842, are entitled under a recent act.**

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You have been suffering for years from some chronic disease or other; you have swallowed drugs enough to stock an apothecary shop; possibly also you have spent considerable sums with advertising specialists, and, having failed to notice the least change for the better in your condition, you now decide to give up all further struggle towards recovering your health, having come to the conclusion that there is no possible help for you this side the grave. POSSIBLY you may be correct, but PROBABLY you are mistaken and on that probability I will take a sixty per cent. chance in order to cheer your now hopeless condition. Cut this ad. out and take it to your minister; possibly you may there meet some fellow sufferers on the same mission bent; let him invest ten or twenty dollars for you on the plan suggested in my open letter to the clergy; he will protect us mutually and you may be happily disappointed in recovering your health. My remedy is not a drug; it is known as

HELMER'S BI-OZONE CURE,

and among diseases cured have been cases of Epilepsy, Heart Disease, Obesity, Drunkenness, the Tobacco Habit, Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Pneumonia, Hay Fever, Whooping Cough, Nervous Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Trouble, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Skin Disease, Disorders of Microbic origin, etc., many of them relieved as if by magic.

TO THE CLERGY OF AMERICA:—

Gentlemen:—It has been my good fortune to discover a true remedy. This remedy I have found to be ozone and the multiplying results of the most gratifying character sustain my affirmation by facts. It has passed the experimental stage, having been successfully applied by prominent physicians in this city and elsewhere, as well as by some of the foremost families in the land, and, believing that your personal sympathy for your congregations extends to their physical as well as to their spiritual welfare I invite your kind arbitration on behalf of Truth and Justice and in the interest of a suffering humanity, that heretofore has been imposed upon by charlatans and unprincipled quacks time and again.

MY FIRST OFFER.

I will guarantee noticeable relief or cure to at least two out of every five patients who will faithfully use a monthly treatment of $10.00 each. To compensate you in part for your trouble I will accept a draft for $45.00 negotiable in New York City and dated one month ahead. Should the relief or cure in the above proportion be not obtained at the end of the month you may stop payment of draft.

MY SECOND OFFER.

I will send five ninety-day treatments of $20.00 each for a draft for $90.00, dated ninety days ahead, warranting noticeable relief or cure to three of the five or forfeit payment of the whole.

These offers must not lead to the supposition that I slam the gate of Hope in the faces of the rest, but some cases have taken four and six months and even a year before there was any well defined noticeable change for the better that were afterward cured. This is especially applicable to elderly people suffering from chronic cases of long standing.

This offer is made exclusively to clergymen and any other orders or offers, UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY REMITTANCE OF EITHER $10.00 OR $20.00, FOR A ONE OR THREE MONTH'S HOME TREATMENT RESPECTIVELY, will not be noticed.

Among the hundreds of testimonials received, the following from one of the responsible department chiefs in the New York Central R. R. System is to the point:

TREASURER'S OFFICE,
Union Stock Yard and Market Company.
Room 8, Grand Central Depot.
A. T. THOMAS, Treasurer.
NEW YORK, ———, 1892.

"DEAR SIR:—

"I have refrained from saying anything concerning your Bi-Ozone Cure until a thorough test of its effects had been made.

"Having used it daily for three months, I think I am now in a position to speak with some authority on the subject. A case of bronchitis and bronchial asthma is not to be cured in a day or a month, and I have not expected it, but I take great pleasure in assuring you that both have so much improved that I shall continue the use of Bi-Ozone, feeling satisfied that a permanent cure is only a question of a short time longer.

"A noticeable feature in the effect of the remedy is a greatly improved condition of general health and remarkable immunity from ordinary colds.

"Bronchial and asthmatic troubles usually have attendant catarrhal conditions. I am happy to say the latter is as much improved as the former, and with the gradual removal of bronchitis the catarrh is disappearing also.

"I sincerely hope your remedy may meet with patronage from the public; is richly deserves it.

"A. T. THOMAS, Grand Central Depot.
"Dec., 29, '92."

"To N. HELMER ESQ., 12th St. and B'way."

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Humorous.

BETTER AS IT IS.

If streets were clean and skies were bright,
If men and politics were right;
If everything beneath the sun
Exactly suited every one—
Say, wouldn't that bring deep distress
To makers of the daily press!
They couldn't get a paper out
If there was naught to howl about.

—C. N. BONE.

Didn't Care to Sit.

"Why don't you sit down?"

"This morning I asked you how many made a million, an you said darned few. I told teacher that in arithmetic class today, an that's why I can't sit down."

The undergraduate is one who is trampled to jelly in a foot-ball rush.

"There's another lie nailed!" said the impecunious boarder, who fastened an empty trunk to the floor.

"He can trace his ancestry back to the flood." "Oh, pshaw! that's nothing. Everybody was in the swim then."

There's nothing like sticking to a thing when you apply yourself to it, as the fly said when it alighted on the fly-paper.

Old party in cable car: "Conductor, what's the matter with this car that it should jerk so?" Conductor: "It's got the grip."

A school examiner lately put the question: "What is the highest form of animal life?" "The giraffe," responded a little girl.

"Why do leaves fall to the ground?" asks a poet. It is because they can't fall anywhere else. They have got to fall somewhere.

Nervous employer: "I don't pay you for whistling." Office boy: "That's all right. I can't whistle well enough to charge extry for it yet."

At the barber's—Scene 1. Barber: "Shave, sir?" Youth, aged 16: "You flatter me. Not only hair cut." Scene 2. Barber: "Hair cut, sir?" Bald-headed man: "You flatter me. Not only shave."

Jinks: "I have never been able to make up my mind whether Hamlet was really crazy or not." Binks: "My impression is that he was. He was interested in amateur theatricals, you know."

He: "I saw you on the avenue with Cholly the other day." She, indignantly: "You did nothing of the kind! I don't even know him!" He: "Pardon me, but I saw you both. He was just about a block behind you."

"In this case against my client for stealing a pair of pants, I move for a nonsuit," said a lawyer." "On what ground?" asked the judge. "On the ground that a whole suit can't be made out of a pair of pants," replied the lawyer.

"What do you know about heaven?" asked a Pittsburg Sunday-school teacher of the smallest scholar in the infant class. "It's where we go when we die," replied the small scholar: "and little girls can talk all they please with no one to tell them to stop."

Mrs. Mann: "It is strange that you cannot hold the baby for a few minutes, when you used to be able to hold me on your lap for hours at a time." Mr. Mann: "The young one is restless. He squirms and kicks all the time. You didn't kick the least little bit."

A little girl of seven exhibited much disquiet at hearing of a new exploring expedition. When asked why she should care about it, she said: "If they discover any more countries, they will add to the geography I have to study. There are countries enough in it now."

"You get youah clothes in dese old Lannon too, I see," said Goslin to Codling. "If you'll pwomise not to tell, old fellaw, I'll tell you a secwet." "I'll pwomise." "I get them in Bwooklin. I know a place there which gives you as bad a fit as you can get in Lannon."

Mr. Poghlight: "Truly, Miss Philteeth, since I have moved next door to your home I have greatly enjoyed hearing your daily singing." Miss Philteeth, confused: "Pardon me, Mr. Poghlight, but I rarely sing. Er—pa is a dentist, you know, and his office is right off our parlor."

APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE.

"How far around is that animal's foot, do you think?"

"Just half his height, whatever that may be," was the reply of the non-commissioned officer to whom the question had been addressed.

The first speaker was the colonel of a regiment of native infantry then lying at Jubbulpore, and the question was put to the English Commissariat Sergeant in charge of the Government Transport Lines at that station. They had been standing before a large-sized elephant and remarking on its great bulk, when the colonel suddenly propounded the above question.

At first sight it seems incredible that the answers given was a correct one—i. e., that twice round the animal's foot equalled its height, yet, such is the fact and a little reflection will show that it is not so wonderful a one as it appears to be. Things are large or small comparatively, and if we could see the foot of an elephant by itself, it would present a far different appearance as to size from what it gives when overshadowed by the mountain of flesh it supports.

The elephants in the Indian Commissariat being dieted according to height require to be measured annually to determine the amount of food to which they are entitled. At present, this is done by means of the ordinary standard with cross-bar on top, but formerly it was customary to place a rope round the animal's fore foot close to the ground and multiply the length so obtained by two. This measurement generally gives a quarter of an inch or so more, but never less than the exact height.

HER MONEY-MAKERS.—"Come out and see my money-makers," said a lady living in the country to a friend from town who was visiting her.

"These," she continued, as they came to a large and well-appointed hen-house, "are my 'church hens!' all that I make out of them above expenses is devoted to religious objects.

"The geese you see down there on the pond are my 'poor and needy.' Down beyond that wood I keep a number of pigs—'dress pigs' I call them, because I buy my dresses out of what I make from them.

"Those Alderney cows are my 'theatre and opera cows.' I saw four operas last winter out of the profits of one of them. You see that bed of strawberries? Well, we don't call them strawberries, but 'shoeberries.' I buy all the children's shoes and my own, too, out of the income from that strawberry patch.

"These and many other little money-making schemes I manage myself, without troubling my husband, who works in town for a not very big salary. Consequently we have a great many comforts and luxuries that we couldn't otherwise have; and, what is more, I thoroughly enjoy the work."

Do not this lady's methods suggest a host of little things which other ladies might turn to use as money-makers, and find health and pleasure in so doing?

SETTLED IT.—A well-dressed man and woman sat side by side on the deck of a steamer talking earnestly.

When the boat was about to touch at a pier the man said in a loud voice—

"I say it was, and that settles it."

"Oh, well, it does not," said his companion, rising from her seat and bringing her umbrella down on his head with a bang; "but that does."

Evidently it did, for the man jumped from his seat and quickly put the length of the boat between the umbrella and his head, which, by the way, was bald on top and bled a little from the blow.

To a few men who gathered round him with inquiring faces, as he mopped his cranium, he said—

"It's all right, gentlemen—all right. She's my wife. We had a little discussion about some music we heard. I thought I knew more about it than she did, but I find out that I didn't."

The pair left the boat arm in-arm ten minutes later.

THE SALUTATION FOR A SNEEZE.—The practice of saying "God bless you!" when a person sneezes must be widespread indeed when we find a similar salutation obtaining among the Fijians of the South Pacific, a race developed by the blending of the Malay-Polynesians with the Papuans, the Fiji group being the borderland between the two. It has been said that St. Gregory enjoined its use during a pestilence in which sneezing was a mortal symptom. Herein, perhaps, lies one reason for the kindly wish, and may account for the prevalent idea that it is dangerous to interrupt a person in the act of sneezing.

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CHESTNUT ST.,
Philadelphia,
Premier Artists
IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as said.
No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 25, '92. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA,
I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut St., Phila.
I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
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GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
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MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!!
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN while TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

ADVICE TO DYSPEPTICS.
CONTENTS: Dyspepsia and its causes. Experience of a sufferer. Liver complaint a twin disorder. Constipation a result of dyspepsia. Food to be taken. Food to be avoided. Mailed free to any address.
John H. McAlvin, Lowell, Mass., 14 years City Treas.

BEATTY ORGANS 13 stops $22 PIANOS $150. Cat'g free. Dan'l F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

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ROYAL BLUE LINE.

Leave Twenty-fourth and Chestnut Sts.

2.55, 6.20, 9.20, 11.15 a m, 12.57 (dining car), 3.30, 6.20, 8.15 (dining car), p m. Sundays, 1.35, 9.20, 11.45 a m, 12.57 (dining car), 4.35, 8.20, 9.15 (dining car) p m.

LEAVE MARKET STREET STATION.

7.20 (Pioneer two-hour fast line), 8.30, 9.30 a m, 1.30, 4.00, 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. Sundays, 9.00, 10.30 a m, and 5.15 p m, 12.04 night. Additional train from Ninth and Green, week-days, 8.45 p m. And for Trenton, week-days, in addition to above, leave Ninth and Green streets, 2.30, 3.15, 5.45, 6.25, 11.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m, 5.30, 10.15 p m. Bound Brook, week-days, 4.31 p m.

Close connections for New York are made at Wayne Junction with trains from Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets by local trains leaving Market street at 11.02 a m, 12.37, 3.07, 6.07, 7.50 p m. Sundays, 10.47 a m, 12.42, 8.12, 8.47, 7.37 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 7.45, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.45, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

For Schuylkill Valley Points.

4.10 a m for Reading, Barto, Harrisburg, Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.

7.40 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.

8.35 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Carlisle, Gettysburg, Shippensburg and Williamsport.

11 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.

12.45 p m for Pottstown, Barto and Reading.

1.40 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Colebrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.

4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.

5.20 p m for Reading and Pottsville.

6 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.

7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

11.30 p m Daily sleeping car line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.

SUNDAYS—4 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg.

6.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.

8.15 a m for Reading and Downingtown.

9.05 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.

5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.

7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

11.30 p m Sleeping Car Line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

LEAVE NINTH AND GREEN STS.

FOR BOSTON, via Poughkeepsie Bridge, New England Night Express, Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars leave Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets at 6.20 p m, and Ninth and Green streets at 6.45 p m every day.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, NIAGARA FALLS and CHICAGO, 9.05 a m, 8.25 and 9.30 p m daily. The 9.05 a m train has parlor cars to Buffalo, and the 9.30 p m train sleeping cars to Buffalo Niagara Falls and Toronto.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.10, 8.00, 9.05, 9.10, 12.05 noon, 2.05, 3.55, 6.30, 8.30, 6.45, 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 10.45 p m. Sundays, 8.30, 9.05, 9.30 a m, 6.45 and 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 9.30 p m.

For Schuylkill Valley Points.

2.10 a m for Reading and way points.

11.02 a m for Pottstown and Barto.

1.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Branch Roads.

4.35 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.

Sundays—11.02 a m for Pottstown and Barto.

5.20 p m for Pottsville, Harrisburg, Ryers, Barto and Allentown.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves. Week-days—Express 3.00 a m, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.30 a m, 2.30, 3.30 p m. Accommodation, 8.15 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 and 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

Brigantine week days, 8.00 am, 5.00 pm. Returning, 7.30 a m, 3.25 p m.

Williamstown, Glassboro and Mullica Hill, 8.30, 11.30 a m, 4.30, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Clementon, 8.30 9.30 a m, 11.30 a m, 2.30, 4.30, 5.45, 6.30, 7.30, 11.30 p m. Sundays, 8 a m, 7.00, 4.30 p m.

Blackwood and Gibbsboro, 8.30, 9.15, 11.30 a m, 2.30, 4.45, 6.30 p m, and 11.30 p m on Thursdays and Saturdays only. Sundays, 8.30, 8.00 a m, 4.45, 6.30 p m.

For Vineland, Bridgeton, points on Maurice River Railroad, 8.00 a m and 4.30 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, northeast corner Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 609 South Third street, and 1840 South Fortieth street, West Philadelphia, and at the depots.

Reading Railroad Transfer and Cab Service. Passengers and baggage promptly conveyed.

Philadelphia Terminus, Nov. 1892.

I. A. SWEIGARD, General Manager. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger Agent.

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